

Sports Illustrated

JULY 26, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

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Next Week

LOOKING FOR GOLD at the 1980 Summer Olympics will be the object of a world of athletes as all swimming, cycling, rowing and gymnastics events are contested in the Games' first week of competition.

FINDING TROUBLE is difficult in an island paradise favored with beautiful water, virgin beaches and flats filled with bonefish, but leave it to Chive Gammon who tells of a package-fishing jaunt to Andros.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

Phil Ford, the U.S. Olympic basketball player, spotted a Canadian soldier on guard in the Olympic Village and asked him, "Parlez-vous français?"

Canadian soldier: "Ah, oui."

Ford: "Comment allez-vous?"

Canadian soldier: "Bien, et vous?"

Ford: "That's all I know, man."

BASEBALL'S NEW ERA

The agreement between major league players and owners that was announced last week formally buried the reserve clause, which has been an integral part of baseball for more than 50 years. In its place are provisions governing the rights of players who want to leave their clubs, as well as the rights of the club owners to hold on to players for a specified time and to be compensated for their loss when they leave.

Boiled down, the new rules say that a player cannot become a free agent until he has completed six years in the majors, and that a club losing such a player will be given a first- or second-round draft choice from the club signing him. Details, often quite complex, cover ramifications of the agreement—how many clubs a free agent may negotiate with, how many free agents a club can sign, when a player can demand a trade or veto a trade, etc.

What comes as a surprise is that in the future an eligible player does not have to play out an option year to become a free agent; he is free as soon as his contract expires. Even more startling is the revelation that all players now under contract—not just those who are currently assigned—have the right to play out their options under the Andy Messersmith system and become free agents. In other words, no player comes under the new agreement until he signs a new contract.

Despite this apparent freedom, neither he owners nor the players feel that many will elect to take the free-agent route, et-

ther now or in the future. Of the 600 or so men on big-league rosters, only 39 are playing out their options. Provisions limiting the number of free agents any one club can sign should allay fears that the best players will flow to certain teams. Fred Patek, Kansas City's All-Star shortstop, says, "There won't be many guys jumping around. Too many are happy where they are. As long as they can get their maximum value, most will stay."

The owners evidently agree. If they don't, they are taking an awfully big risk.

DOWN TO BASICS

You've seen the ads. There's Lou Brock in buttercup-yellow mesh, Craig Morton in narrow-cut gray, Vic Hadfield in snappy Scottish plaid. Steve Garvey, Fred Dryer, Terry Metcalf, Ed Marinaro, Jim McMillan, Brad Park, all stripped down to wildly patterned, high-style Day-Glo briefs in an advertisement for Jockey shorts, accompanied by a headline that asks: TAKE AWAY THEIR UNIFORMS AND WHO ARE THEY? It's caused a bit of talk.

"It's just underwear," says Mannaro, the running back who played out his option with the Minnesota Vikings and recently signed with the New York Jets. He posed in red briefs and a matching, chest-hugging T-shirt. "It was pretty good money and the exposure wasn't bad either, no pun intended."

Morton, the New York Giant quarterback who posed in a gold necklace and bikini briefs, says, "It wasn't meant to be cheesecake. None of the underwear was offensive. It was just something to be illustrated."

However, Metcalf, star running back of the St. Louis Cardinals, admits he was a bit embarrassed. "It was the first time I ever had my picture taken in my underwear," he says. Metcalf wore exotically flowered briefs.

Why the "naked men" approach? According to advertising men, marketing surveys show that about 75% of men's underwear is purchased by women and

that they are more likely to buy colorful, boldly patterned briefs than simple white boxer shorts. Yet Marinaro says a woman who had seen the ad wrote a complaining letter to the Vikings, warning them "to keep an eye on what your players are doing."

"She said something about it being disgusting, disgraceful and the work of the devil," Marinaro recalls. "She recommended that I read some book, but I don't remember which one."

Brock says he has had a few angry letters from fathers complaining that he was setting a bad example for kids. "Don't kids wear underwear?" Brock asks. "If they don't, maybe these guys who are so upset should go out and buy them some."

WAITING THERE IS HALF THE FUN

The worst thing about playing golf on crowded courses is the long wait at each tee. Sometimes on long holes there are four golfers on the green, four waiting to hit their approach shots, four walking down the fairway toward their drives, four about to tee up and maybe eight or even 12 standing around restlessly behind the tee, watching the hordes ahead

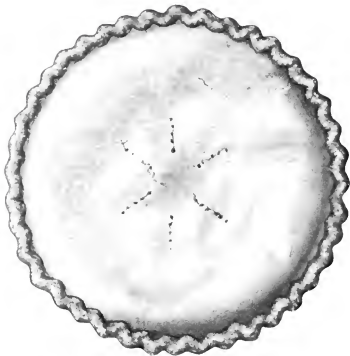


of them. Now, more than a dozen golf courses in and around Toronto are doing something to ease the dreadful tedium of waiting. They've installed practice putting greens behind most of the tees so that, instead of musing and sweating at the slow golfers ahead of them, waiting players can practice their putts and swear at themselves.

FUN AND VENOM

We told you last week about snakebite and the disagreement among doctors on

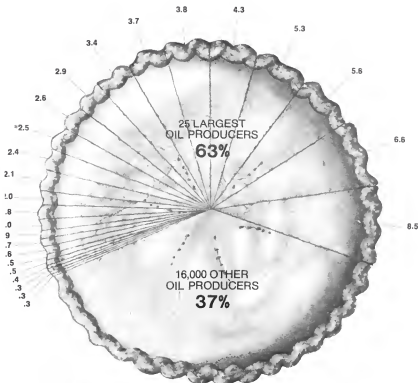
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This is a monopoly.

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*Our piece of the pie

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the best way to treat it. Best advice seemed to be not to get bitten, but, oddly enough, there are some folks who just don't seem to care, like those who recently took part in a lively pastime called bagging at the annual Sinnamahoning Rattlesnake Hunt in Pennsylvania.

What you do in bagging is you and your partner take and put five live rattlers in a sack while somebody else clocks you to see how long it takes. Bob Howe, acting as "pinner," and Jim Chesney, as "sacker," won the novice class at Sinnamahoning in 34 seconds flat. Professional class champions Jim and Tom Kautz got their five snakes in the bag in 20.2 seconds, only 1.9 seconds off the world record set last year by Bill (The Old Man) Wheeler. Wheeler, now retired but helping out at the Pennsylvania event, got nipped by a snake but shrugged it off, suffering only minor distress.

Not so fortunate was Ron Milists. Although he had been bitten by a rattler two weeks earlier, Milists entered anyway but was linged again as he was bagging. He was taken to a hospital and placed in intensive care but, we are pleased to report, he has recovered. We presume he is now out looking for more snakes.

THE LADY IS A CHAMP

Judy Rankin finished 17th in the U.S. Women's Open two weeks ago, one of her worst showings this year, but the \$1,229 she earned raised her 1976 tournament winnings above \$100,000, a mark never before reached by a woman golfer. "I knew the time was coming," she said last week as she was in the process of winning \$10,000 in the Burden Classic, which made her earnings \$110,614. "But if you'd have told me in January that this would be the year, I'd have laughed. I made a triple-bogey 8 on the first hole I played this year."

It pleases Rankin that her \$100,000 was won in not much more than half a season, so that the significance of her performance cannot be diminished by the higher purses women golfers are playing for these days. And the purses still aren't all that big. It costs a minimum of \$15,000 a year to travel and play the LPGA tour, and fewer than 40 of the 150 to 200 women pros are making expenses. Unlike their tennis counterparts, LPGA competitors are not looking for money parity with men, but it is worth noting that David

Graham's \$60,000 first-prize check at last week's Westchester Classic was equal to all the prize money given at the Women's Open and was greater than total money won so far this year by every woman pro except Rankin and JoAnne Carner.

Thus, Rankin's \$100,000 year is a remarkable achievement. She fully deserves to have her name coupled with another pro named Arnold Palmer, who was the first male golfer to win \$100,000, back in 1963.

THE WAY IT IS

The hope that springs eternal within the breast of the racehorse owner can be gauged by the names owners give their animals. A recent issue of the *Daily Racing Form* listed Brave Scout, Fast and Brave, Fast and Bold, Fast Pride and Everlast, not to mention Rapid Barb, Rapid Treat, Splendid Power and Staying Power. For those who recognize the element of chance in racing, there were Lucky Fling, Lucky Speed and Lucky Stay.

But there was one other racer listed in the *Form* that day whose owner obviously had been through the mill, seen too many dreams turn to tinsel, too much luck go sour. The horse was named Lousy Investment, which proved to be realistic, if disheartening. A 3-year-old running at tracks in New England, Lousy Investment has gone to the post 12 times and has never managed to finish better than fifth.

FRENCH CONNECTION

So much for owners of horses. Bettors, on the other hand, are more optimistic, and are always looking for a system to beat the races. The Holy Ghost The Chinese Laundry List. Hui-pins. Here's a new one. Call it *Cherchez les chevaux*. The idea is simple. All you do is bet on every French horse starting in the two best-known international races—thoroughbred or standardbred—in this country, the Washington, D.C. International in Laurel, Md and the International Trot at Roosevelt Raceway. Anyone who bet \$10 to win on the French horses that have competed in these races would now have a profit of \$652.50. Betting on the U.S. horses in the same races would have produced more winners (18 American horses to 14 French ones), but because there were more American entries and they usually went off at shorter odds, the bettor would have lost \$185.

Even more fun comes—and money follows—if you extend the system into triple betting (picking the exact finish of the first, second and third horses), which was possible in this year's Roosevelt International. If you had "boxed" all the French and American horses entered (buying 53 tickets on all possible combinations of first-second-third finishes for the four horses), you would have netted \$433.50. And that ain't four.

DEGREES OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

Everyone who follows boxing has heard of Teofilo Stevenson, the Cuban who won the Olympic heavyweight championship at Munich in 1972 and is favored to repeat in Montreal. Not very many have heard of Ismael Ruiz, a Mexican heavyweight who in 24 amateur fights lost only once, to Stevenson in the Central American Games. (That was Ruiz' fifth amateur bout, Stevenson's 115th.) Ruiz turned professional last February and knocked out three opponents before being stopped last Thursday night in Los Angeles by another young fighter named Juan Boca.

None of this is particularly significant, except in light of the fact that along with winning 26 of 28 fights, Ruiz studied medicine, earned his degree, interned for two years at the National Medical Hospital in Mexico City and this past Tuesday, five days after losing to Boca, became a licensed physician.

THEY SAID IT

- Jerry DaVanzo, Houston Astro utility infielder, on life in baseball: "My daughter Kelley, who is live, is a friend of Ken Boswell's daughter Ashley, who is the same age. They hadn't seen each other for a while, and Ashley asked my wife if Kelley had been traded."
- Dick Vermeil, who came from UCLA to coach the Philadelphia Eagles, on why he feels Dallas is the team to beat this year: "The Cowboys were in the Super Bowl last season, and I didn't see them graduating any seniors."
- Jack Brohamer, Chicago White Sox infielder, on the club's proposed use of shorts: "I'm not going to wear short pants unless they let me wear a halter top too."
- Bruce Crampton, on tournament golf: "It's a compromise of what your ego wants you to do, what experience tells you to do and what your nerves let you do."

END

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But Tareyton scientists created a unique, two-part filter—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Tar and nicotine are reduced...but the taste is actually improved by charcoal. Charcoal in Tareyton smooths and balances and improves the tobacco taste.



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine,
100 mm. 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report Nov. '75.

IT WAS A CALL

Some of the pomp was dampened by politics, but the XXI Olympiad opened last Saturday in Montreal. For more than a year there had been doubts that the Games would take place. But on a gloriously beautiful afternoon, with

England's Queen Elizabeth presiding, speaking first in French, then in English, the Olympics began. The torch was carried into the stadium by a boy with the haunting name of Stéphane Prefontaine, accompanied by a girl, Sandra Hender-

Ivory Coast marched in the parade, but later pulled out because New Zealand was still in Canada; in the middle, was a troubled host



TO COLORS

Unsettled by political events, still unsure of their numbers, the surviving Olympians closed ranks as the Montreal Games began **by Pat Putnam**

son, who shared the symbolic task by holding his wrist lightly as they ran. There was music and dancing and speeches and the traditional parade of participating nations. That part didn't take nearly as long as it should have; more

than a score of nations were absent.

Taiwan was not in the stadium, of course. Nobody was surprised at that. The Canadian government had sugarcoated the bitter pill of its Olympics ban with last-minute conces-

—continued

Sprinter Donald Quarrie carried Jamaica's hopes, vowing to compete, while the powerful East German athletes stayed aloof from the fray.



sions and the U.S. had applauded the move. But the athletes and officials of the Republic of China had spurned the bottom-line offer to operate as Nation X and had packed their principles and departed.

In quick order the Taiwanese were joined by 24 nations, the majority of them African, all electing to boycott the Games for another political reason. Their wrath was aimed at New Zealand but their real target was South Africa. Thus, the rainbow march of athletes seemed only slightly longer than the lineup of those missing. Not that the African exodus from Montreal's \$1.5 billion playground was any less expected than that of Taiwan—the African nations have

been poised for just such a move ever since New Zealand sent a rugby team to play in South Africa following the recent Soweto riots in which an estimated 176 persons died.

Lee Evans, twice a U.S. Olympian and now the sprint coach for the Nigerian track team, had seen it coming. "I knew the heavy stuff would come down at the Olympics," he said. "I was just waiting for it to happen. I'm glad we are making a stand, even though I'd like to see how my guys would have done. The Olympics aren't so big that we can't give them up. We feel that a sacrifice must be made."

The African nations had played a patient hand. Their opening move came two

weeks ago, after the annual summit conference of the Organization of African Unity, when Tanzania announced that it was not sending its team—1,500-meter world-record holder Filbert Bayi and friends—to Montreal. A day later Nigeria, largest and politically one of the strongest of the black African nations, said other countries would probably take the same stand. After that the Africans sat back to wait as the Taiwan issue dominated the headlines.

The Taiwanese had played this game before. They had been forced to parade under the name of Formosa in Rome in 1960 but had been allowed a banner of protest. Four years later in Tokyo they marched as Taiwan. Still, their Olympic

DARK GENIUS OF DISSENT

The cutting edge in the world movement to isolate South Africa from international competition is an organization known as SAN-ROC (South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee). SAN-ROC has its offices in London, but its president and attacking genius is a Northwestern University professor named Dennis Brutus, a man who was very much in evidence at the Games. Wherever South Africa encounters difficulty in sports, the sharp-tongued Brutus can be found, as ubiquitous as he is confident. Lobbyist? "A fair enough term," he agrees.

At 51, slight and physically unimposing, Brutus has long wavy hair and eyes that burn; he has some of the qualities of an Old Testament prophet and, for the most part, no more tolerance. "Watch it! Watch it!" he

snaps at those who dare offer facts he dislikes. Dennis Brutus does not suffer fools, unless they can provide SAN-ROC with space in the morning editions. But then, few have lived and endured a cause as this man has.

He grew up in South Africa as a "Colored." He managed to obtain a missionary-school education, and then, from 1948 until 1961, worked what mischief he could against the apartheid government before finally being "banned"—classified as a non-person. Shortly thereafter he was arrested at an otherwise all-white South African Olympic Committee meeting "by two members of the secret police who actually came out of a cupboard in the wall." Brutus served time in six prisons, eventually finding his way to America. Today he lives in the Chicago suburbs, teaches African literature and creative writing and works at his own poetry.

SAN-ROC and Brutus first got South Africa bumped out of the Olympics, then Rhodesia. "Avery Brundage told me, 'The matter is closed because I say it is closed.' Well, at Munich we took him on and we licked him," Brutus says. "He was a broken man after that." Last Friday SAN-ROC achieved another substantial victory when South Africa was drummed out of FIFA, the international soccer federation. Brutus' campaigns against New Zealand, for competing promiscuously against South African teams, have produced fully expectable results. A score of nations quit Montreal, but all save Iraq and Guyana were a part of the African continent.

The inability of SAN-ROC to generate anything but everyday Nioe support suggests that political protest against South Africa may have reached its limits. The same nations that

will condemn South Africa (and Rhodesia) for obvious domestic injustices will not risk their athletes or the Olympics over an issue so blurred and emotional as finding a country like New Zealand guilty by association. Boycott New Zealand for consorting with South Africa? Why not the U.S., why not Britain, why not Canada, which just happened to be entertaining a South African cricket team in Toronto last week. Well, Brutus argues, New Zealand plays South Africa more; its government appears to tacitly approve. "It's an enormously complicated world," he says. "We can't fight all our battles at the same time." Perhaps, but many nations do not seem willing to accept proportional or expedient ethics, either. Moreover, the black African countries are themselves vulnerable to charges of abetting inhumane governments. New Zealand may be racially insensitive, but black Africa continues to offer support to the dreadful racist Big Daddy Amin, clown-despot of Uganda—presumably just because he is black. "Please," Brutus says in some distress, "let me abstain on that."

Brutus has always been an active sportsman, and he professes to want the Games free of political influence. "But it is the first article of the Olympic charter that discrimination cannot be permitted," he asserts. "Discrimination is the only issue."

Alas, each committed man's issue is the only one. The anti-New Zealand boycott floundered largely because another political dust-up, the Taiwan affair, wouldn't get off the front pages. In effect, every tawdry political distraction to international sport now enters through the door that Brutus and SAN-ROC first cracked open in the name of justice. In Montreal there was the very real concern that sport and its youthful athletic pawns were being damaged a great deal more than South Africa. —FRANK DEFORD



Dennis Brutus: "Discrimination is the only issue."

face had been saved when their Japanese hosts permitted them to print, in small Japanese characters, the name "Republic of China" under the larger one of Taiwan on the parade placard. But now, when the IOC and a suddenly tough U.S. delegation tried to force Canada into a similar compromise, the move was rebuffed. "We don't want another compromise," warned Victor Yuen, secretary of the Taiwan delegation. "Either we are the Republic of China or we go home."

By last Thursday, Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau had relented enough to allow the Taiwanese to use their flag. And if they won a gold medal, he agreed, they could play their anthem. But they still could not participate under the forbidden name. "They can play whatever tune they want and they can wave whatever flag they want," he said, "but they can't use a name that isn't theirs."

A relieved Lord Killam, president of the IOC, felt that Canada had made important concessions. "Good show," he said. Philip Krumm, head of the U.S. delegation, at first said, "We feel that our loyalty to the Republic of China and our pledge to it has been fulfilled even with this restriction. We took a tough stand—without those concessions from Canada we could have gone home." Later he said, "It is astounding that the Taiwanese turned it down."

That night 15 of the black African countries signed a pledge reserving the right to leave the Games unless New Zealand was sent packing. The major sporting nations were Kenya, Nigeria, Ethiopia and Uganda. The others were Chad, Ghana, Upper Volta, Ivory Coast, Togo, Mali, Morocco, Senegal, Niger, Zambia and the Congo. They gave the IOC until 4 p.m. Friday to render a decision, but they were not optimistic. Even before their letter was carried to Lord Killam, Nigeria had a charter plane on its way to Montreal.

The New Zealanders professed to be stunned by the African onslaught. Rugby isn't an Olympic sport. "But I can't blame the Africans," said Dick Quax, who recently ran the 5,000 in 13:13.2, only 2 off the world record. "I mean, knowing how they feel about the South Africans. I blame the rugby people and I blame our government for putting us in this position. If our government says sports and politics don't mix, they ought to come here."



Getting away from it all, swimming stars Roland Mathes and Kornelia Ender were swash with love.

Returning to the Village from a near-by training track with teammate John Walker, Rod Dixon, one of the favorites in the 5,000, wondered where it would all end. "I have no advice for our government except to resign," he said bitterly. "The blacks that we know here in the Village have been really good. We get together and say, 'What's going to happen with our bloody countries?'" Walker, already deeply disappointed by the absence of his rival Bayi, shrugged. "My strongest feeling is that the whole system is screwed. Quote me."

Friday at 8 a.m., eight hours before the proposed deadline, Isaac Akoye, a Nigerian official, walked into Room U-247 on the first floor of D Building in the Olympic Village and began shaking

Lee Evans' shoulder. "Wake up, Lee," he ordered. "Start packing. We're going home today. We are going to show them they cannot push around black Africans." Evans got up and began putting his things into a black steamer trunk. He addressed it to Lee Evans, c/o Mr. Akoye, Institute of Physical Education, University of Ife, Ife-Ife, Nigeria. Akoye moved about the floor, systematically waking up athletes, telling them to pack. No one said much.

Late that afternoon Jane Frederick, the U.S. pentathlete, met Modupe Oshikoya, a Nigerian girl who was entered in the hurdles, the long jump and the pentathlon. "We got a message today," Oshikoya told the American. "We have to go home."

continued



Much in evidence and ever vigilant: guards patrolled the streets outside the modernistic Village.

IT'S MORE THAN FLAG WAVING



Gary Hall "It's an indescribable feeling of honor"

The meeting of team captains to select the U.S. standard-bearer was held in a cramped conference room. Voices were raised, and those waiting outside could hear snatches of the nominating speeches: The archers, modern pentathletes and shooters joined in a plea for Margaret Murdoch, the phenomenal shooter. Her selection would regulate the anti-gun forces in the U.S., who, they said, have conspired to keep shooting from achieving proper recognition. Yachting nominated Curt Findlay, wrestling, Ben Peterson; track and field offered discus thrower Jay Silvester and high hurdler Willie Davenport, both four-time Olympians. And swimming put forward Gary Hall, 24, the three-time Olympian and now a medical student at Cincinnati.

"A swimmer has never carried the flag in the opening ceremonies," said teammate Steve Furniss, who briefly traced Hall's career through world records, the frustrations of Munich—where he was highly favored in the 200 and 400 individual medley but didn't win—and periodic retirements because medical studies prevented him from training.

Then Hall said a few words about his love of swimming and the honor of carrying the flag.

"The instant I touched the wall in the Olympic Trials and knew I'd made the team, the chance of doing this popped into my mind," he said. He was precise, because he won on the second bullet. There was applause when the result was announced, and Hall was surrounded by happy supporters.

A mild, gracious man with soft gray eyes and the swimmer's lustrous hair, Hall said, "This is an indescribable feeling of honor. I'll be leading the greatest group of athletes in the world, the U.S. team."

He was asked if he would dip the flag at the reviewing stand.

"Have we ever dipped it?" he asked. "Does anybody else not dip it?"

"I don't think so," a fellow Olympian said.

In a low voice Hall said, "Well, I wouldn't change things."

Later Hall carefully discussed the fine balance between his commitment to his nation and his Olympian's sense of the Games transcending nationality. "There has been a lot of talk of how nationalism has been overplayed and how that has hurt the Olympics," he said. "I don't agree, for the reason that competition is a natural phenomenon. We can't change that. We should court our medals. We should know how the U.S. is doing in relation to the others."

"At the same time, athletes seem to me to serve as examples for the rest of the world. The feeling of a common bond across national barriers through sport—it's so exciting it's almost detrimental to performance. Yet at each of the Olympics I've attended, some political event has altered the feeling, the atmosphere. All the peace, the things the Olympics stand for, are forgotten when someone is not allowed to compete. I'd rather take part in a game where what you call yourself, the flag you carry, what you object to in other countries, could all be set aside. If there was any way the deciders, the politicians, could weigh the years of sweat and effort that they've put out in one decision, how many dreams, it's unmerciful. It's wrong."

At the opening ceremony Hall carried the flag tenderly. He did not dip it, but indulged in a tentative little wave toward the Queen. By contrast, sprinter Raelene Boyle, carrying Australia's standard, dropped it so low the flag swept across the track.

It was a long ceremony, preceded by a long wait outside the stadium. When it was over, Hall walked away in a weary daze. "I had goose-bumps from my Achilles' tendons to my forehead," he said. "I was nervous, and when we came out of the tunnel into the light and the crowd began to echo, I started trembling. I hope people didn't notice the flag was shaking."

—KERRY MURPHY

"How do you feel about it?" Frederick asked.

"Very difficult," sighed Oshikoya. "All that hard work. I came to compete."

In the Nigerian quarters the athletes dressed in their green-and-white parade uniforms for the trip home. Some were laughing. Others posed for last-minute pictures. Long jumper Charlton Ehzazel, a 22-year-old student at the University of Illinois, paced the area nervously. "I don't like it," he said. "I have done really good. I won the NCAA's last year. I've done 27' 4". I had a good chance at winning a medal." Nearby, in Building C, the Kenyans gathered following an afternoon workout. No one had told them they were leaving. Except for a few individuals—Tanzania's Bayi, Uganda's 1972 Olympic intermediate hurdle champion and world-record holder, John Akii-Bua, Ethiopia's marvelous distance runner, Murut Yifter—Kenya's athletes had carried the best hope for medals in the African bloc.

Joshua Kimeto, one of the Kenyan 5,000-meter runners, said, "We haven't heard from our government, but if our chief says go home, we go home. But we'd like to compete."

Saturday afternoon, after an orchestra had played O Canada, the parade of nations began. First out, by tradition, were the Greeks, marching proudly in dark blue blazers. Scheduled next, Algeria was a no show. The long count had begun.

One African nation expected to leave was the Ivory Coast; surprisingly, its athletes marched, but a team official said they had only entered the opening ceremonies out of respect for Canada and that they would depart with the others. Slowly the census of defections mounted. At last count, 25 nations, including Taiwan and Tanzania, had pulled out. 90⁺ were still in the Olympics.

As the Games began, more were expected to go, some of them from the Caribbean, where Michael Manley, the iron-fisted premier of troubled Jamaica, plays an important role. A strong Third World advocate, Manley has strong ties with Socialist Tanzania. But Jamaican sprinter Don Quarrie, one of the strong favorites in both the 100 and the 200 meters, said, "If they want me out they are going to have to pull me. And I mean literally."

If African athletes nurtured similar feelings, few were willing to voice them. "The government sent me here and the government can call me home," said

Aki-Bua. "I would not care to make history."

Much of the controversy stirred by these Games will, of course, continue to exacerbate international athletic relations; already it has created speculation over host Russia's intentions for the 1980 Olympics. But at the same time, and paradoxically, what emerges from all the argument might well be a strengthening both of the Olympic spirit and sporting goodwill among nations—if the issues can be settled amicably.

In any event, the Montreal Games were officially under way. And because the countries that had defected could boast only a few potential gold medal winners, the spirit of the Olympics had been violated much more than the competition. "I've got faith," said Dwight Stones, the ebullient U.S. high-jump favorite. "I know that soon some power will come down and transport all the athletes to the real Olympics."

Stones was not alone in his faith. Off came the parade uniforms—which in the case of the dowdy U.S. team was a blessing—and on went a flurry of Sunday action that was assuredly real.

In Montreal's Etienne Desmarceau Centre, the U.S. basketball team ran down Italy 106-86, displaying more strength up the middle than expected, mixed with what Coach Dean Smith of North Carolina called "enthusiasm and poise." For Center Mitch Kupchak, who scored 19 points, it was a vindication—critics had considered him a consolation choice since several celebrated big men had not sought the job. "Those remarks were directed at me," he said. "But I'm a competitor and I've got a lot of pride." The mission, said Forward Scott May of Indiana (16 points), "is to get better every time we play."

Across town at the Olympic Pool, the mission for U.S. swimmers was more grim—not to get better, but to start out at their best and hold the pace against East Germany. And the first major encounters gave ample indication of how sprinted that competition was to be. Pulling off his woolen stocking cap Sunday afternoon, USC's John Naber plunged into the water and churned to a world-record 56.19 in his 100-meter backstroke semifinal, trimming 11 off the mark held by archrival Roland Matthes of East Germany. But that was for openers. Not long after the shouting died down, the U.S. swept up its first med-

als. Not merely a gold, but gold, silver and bronze in a world record finish in the 200 butterfly—a 1:59.23 for slick-shaved Mike Bruner, from Stockton, Calif., who was followed closely by Steve Gregg and Bill Forrester.

Then the East German women re-taliated with a golden performance of their own in the 400-meter medley relay. The combination of Ulrike Richter, Hannelore Anke, Andrea Pollack and star Kornelia Ender teamed to set a world-record 4:07.95, taking 5.46 off the mark, trailed to the finish by Shirley Bu-

bashoff and U.S. company with a 4:14.55.

These were, indeed, the real games, in which the world's best athletes had set about the business of racing, swimming and outmuscling each other. So the brushfires were out and only the Olympic flame burned. Somehow, it seemed most appropriate that it had been lit by two teen-age Canadians, running alone without fancy escort. They were dressed simply in white—so beautifully stark. It even seemed for a moment that innocence might have come back at just the right moment.

END

Though disappointed by the withdrawal of rival Filbert Bayi, John Walker kept up his training schedule.



WHAT'S MAKING O.J. GO?

The Juice claims he will no longer head around end in Buffalo. Instead he could become a Ram, a Raider—or a retiree

by Joe Marshall



In California, Simpson is unlikely to match the rushing paragon he had with the run-oriented Bills

On the night that Jimmy Carter delivered his acceptance speech in Madison Square Garden, Buffalo Bills Owner Ralph Wilson was at a White House dinner honoring West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. In the receiving line, President Ford asked Wilson about his football team. "You know, we have a terrible problem," said Wilson. "O. J. Simpson wants to be traded, and it's proving very difficult. Can you give me any help?" The President, perhaps thinking of that night's events at the Garden, replied, "I'm sorry, but I've enough problems of my own." Wilson pondered the response as he moved through the receiving line. "By the time I got to the end of line," he says, "I wanted to go back and ask the President, 'What could possibly be more important than trading O. J. Simpson?'"

Wilson can be excused if *L'affaire Simpson* has assumed presidential proportions in his mind. When O.J. came to the Bills in 1969, they were the worst team in pro football. They played in a dilapidated structure, War Memorial Stadium, which held only 45,748 spectators and was rarely filled. Today the Bills are a playoff-caliber team. They lead the NFL in attendance, playing to capacity crowds in spacious Rich Stadium, which seats 80,020 and is sometimes called The House That O.J. Built. In 1973, the new stadium's first year, the Bills sold 54,000 season tickets. Last year the figure was only 43,000, but that did not seem to mat-

ter. The presence of Simpson ensured that every seat would be sold for every game. This year season sales have dropped further, to 33,000, and there will be no O.J. Woe is Wilson.

His dilemma began about six weeks ago when he received a phone call from an unusually somber Simpson, who said that marital considerations made it imperative that he play this year on the West Coast, preferably in his current off-season home of Los Angeles. Wilson flew to L.A. the next day to meet Simpson. They had a four-hour dinner at Chasen's Restaurant during which Wilson became convinced that Simpson would never return to Buffalo, that he would retire rather than live in the East this season. When O.J. dropped Wilson off later that evening, there were tears in Simpson's eyes.

Marital problems like Simpson's are not uncommon in the world of professional sports. His wife, Marquerite, whom he married while they were students at USC, was never happy in Buffalo, where the Simpsons lived during the football season. Last fall she stayed on the West Coast, preferring to keep the Simpson children, age seven and six, in the same school for an entire year. In the meantime O.J.'s fame had grown, and he faced increasing demands on his time. His budding acting career has made the off-season his busiest time. He spent three months this winter and spring in Rome filming a movie with Sophia Loren, Ava

Gardner and Burt Lancaster. And along with Simpson's fame has come acquaintanceships with glamorous people from all walks of life, there has been less and less time for his wife and children. In *The Superwives*, author Jeanne Parr quotes Marquerite as saying, "We have practically lost our private life. . . I have been shoved out of the way, pushed and stepped on by more than one beautiful woman. I admit I'm jealous." Apparently the seriousness of the situation has finally been brought home to Simpson. A close friend says, "If O.J. does not make a concentrated effort right now, the marriage will end."

Simpson's friends and Wilson are convinced that he is sincere about making that effort—and, therefore, there is no chance he will play in Buffalo again. If Wilson had any lingering doubts, they were dispelled when Simpson refused to discuss a new contract (he has completed three years of a five-year pact) that would have given him \$1 million over the next two seasons. That would have doubled his current salary and made him the highest-paid player in pro football. The Bills' 1976 media guide, which was released last week, does not even list O.J. on the roster.

On July 9, his 29th birthday, Simpson came back to Buffalo and bade farewell to teammates and club officials. The Bills play the Los Angeles Rams in an exhibition game on Aug. 28, and a must-eyed Jim Rango, Buffalo's offensive line

coach, told Simpson, "You know, Juice, we'll be coming at you."

"I'll be ready, coach," said O.J.

The only problem with that scenario is that Ram Owner Carroll Rosenbloom says the chances of Buffalo and Los Angeles agreeing to a trade are "very slim." Much of the difficulty arises from the conditions that Simpson has placed on the deal. He insists on going to a championship contender, which limits the West Coast candidates to the Rams and the Oakland Raiders. More important, Simpson has announced that he wants to play only one more season, a disclosure that diminished his value on the trading market. Last week some of Simpson's friends speculated that he might scrap the one-season limit—if he gets to play in Los Angeles.

"I explained to O.J. that I don't have to make this trade," Wilson says, "but I told him that I would try hard to accommodate him. I also made it clear that I would not trade him for less than equal compensation." Wilson knows that he is in a weak bargaining position, that the teams he is trying to trade with assume that sooner or later he will prefer less to nothing at all. "That's what's happening now," says Wilson. "Maybe people are misjudging me. I absolutely will not agree to that sort of deal. I don't want O.J. to retire, but I'd rather let him retire than not get equal value for him."

But what is equal value for Simpson? Wilson says that it is "three quality first-line players who can step in and help us." Since the Bills, with young Quarterback Joe Ferguson, should have a solid offense even without O.J., they need help mostly on defense. Last year they gave up an average of 25.4 points a game. None of the principals will talk openly about the names being bandied about between the Rams and Bills, but informed sources say that Buffalo is seeking Defensive End Jack Youngblood, considered by some experts as the best in the NFL at that position, Linebacker Jam Youngblood and Running Back Lawrence McCutcheon, who has rushed for more than 900 yards in each of the last two seasons. Whoever it is that the Bills want, Rosenbloom says, "We can't give what they are asking. I don't think anyone in the league can."

The Rams' first counteroffer, which reportedly consisted of Defensive Tackle Cody Jones, Linebacker Jack Reynolds and Running Back Cullen Bryant, fell far

short of Buffalo's asking price. Insiders say the Rams recently have conceded on McCutcheon, but they are now lumping him with 33-year-old Wide Receiver Jack Snow, journeyman Defensive Back Steve Preece and reserve Defensive Tackle Bill Nelson. When asked about the latest speculation, Wilson says, "As someone remarked the other day, we're still 2,003 yards apart."

There is a report that the Rams have offered still another deal, this one sending two first- and two second-round draft choices to Buffalo. Wilson says he is not interested in draft choices. There is a chance if matters drag on that Commissioner Pete Rozelle might attempt to mediate. Keeping Simpson in football would certainly qualify as being in the best interests of the game. History indicates that Rozelle favors settling disputes of this kind with draft choices, and perhaps Rosenbloom is holding back in hopes that the commissioner will eventually employ his considerable persuasive powers on Wilson.

Less is known of the Bills' bartering with the Raiders. Managing General Partner Al Davis contends that, since his team is very deep on defense, it has more to offer Buffalo than the Rams have. Early in the going, Bills Coach Lou Saban gave Oakland the names of eight players and said that he would trade Simpson for three or four of them, depending upon the combination. That list probably included Defensive Backs Neal Colzie, Charles Phillips and Skip Thomas, Defensive End Horace Jones and Linebacker Phil Villapiano. Before the Raiders could respond, Wilson stepped in and announced that he, not Saban, would close the deal. Matters have been at a standstill since.

Despite the fact that Oakland and Los Angeles are clearly better teams than Buffalo, it is unlikely Simpson would gain as much rushing yardage with either as he has with the Bills. Buffalo has an excellent run-blocking line, and Saban is a master at devising rushing offenses. In four years under Saban, Simpson has run for 6,196 yards to move into fourth place on the all-time list. His single-season record of 2,003 yards, set in 1973, is unlikely to be eclipsed soon. What is likely is that if McCutcheon moves to Buffalo, he will become the league's leading ball carrier.

Additional rushing titles do not mean much to Simpson. He recently told his

former business manager, Chuck Barnes, that if he has to retire his epitaph will read: "O. J. Simpson was a great running back who never played for a championship team." Then he added, "I could go back to Buffalo, gain 1,500 yards and we'd still finish 7-7." That would seem to indicate that Simpson's desire to move West may be based on competitive considerations as well as marital ones.

Retirement is more of a possibility for Simpson than most people realize. He has been so successful off the field that he has transcended the need to remain in the athletic limelight. This week O. J. Simpson, the ABC-TV sports commentator, is in Montreal covering the Olympic Games. O. J. Simpson, the movie star, now commands six figures for his film roles and will soon appear as a priest in *The Cassandra Crossing*. O. J. Simpson, the pitchman for products and services, has just announced the signing of a lucrative long-term agreement with Tree-Sweet Products Co. to help promote that firm's citrus juices. Yes, O.J. will be pushing O.J.

If football is no longer essential to Simpson's economic well-being, it probably is necessary for repairing his marriage. The NFL season is now, in effect, O.J.'s off-season. Playing in Los Angeles this fall is the only thing that will keep him home. "I'm not looking for any glamorous city," Simpson said last week. "I just want to go home."

END

Marital woes have left O.J. unusually somber



THE WINNER'S NAME WAS MUDD

But Eddie cleaned up at the Public Links Championship in Coon Rapids

by Sarah Pileggi

Public-course golfers, even the best ones, are not used to being pampered, or being fed and fêted and fetched here and there by smiling volunteers as 159 of them were last week at the Amateur Public Links Championship in Coon Rapids, Minn. These golfers are a self-sufficient breed, inured to hardship, to long waits and slow play, to hitting sand shots out of footprints and to putting across wastelands of spike marks. Treat them kindly as the good people of Coon Rapids did, trail them down the fairways, applauding their triumphs and grieving with them over their failures as the galleries did at the Bunker Hills Golf Course, and they tend to go to pieces.

Frank Hannigan of the United States Golf Association was officiating at the 1st tee as the semifinal round began Friday afternoon when a young player, Victor Wolfe from Livermore, Calif., approached him. Wolfe had won his first three matches, each on the 18th hole, but Friday morning he had lost to another Californian, Gary Hutch of Ventura. Now Wolfe was on his way home and he wanted to thank someone.

He held out his hand to Hannigan, but as he began to speak his voice broke and his eyes filled with tears. He talked on anyway, his delivery somewhat hesitant but his message clear. He had had a wonderful time, he said, the experience had meant a great deal to him and he was aware that somebody had gone to a lot of trouble to make it all possible. Then he turned on his heel and was gone. Hannigan, once a public-course player himself, had to clear his throat before he went back to work. The last time the USGA threw a national championship for men was a month ago in Atlanta when the competitors turned dyspeptic upon arrival and complained about everything from the hors d'oeuvres to the baked Alaska, then left, most of them, without a goodbye. But, of course, that was the famous U.S. Open.

At the APL in Coon Rapids the hosts were rewarded with more than just grat-



With the bottle of Bunker Hills behind him, Mudd will finish college and attempt to join the pro tour

itude for their efforts. The 36-hole final match on Saturday, like Jerry Pate's finish at the Open, would have been enough all by itself. For one thing it brought together on a perfect summer day on a well-designed and well-conditioned course the two best players in the tournament, something a match-play format cannot always be counted on to do.

Archie Dodman at 42 was playing in his 10th APL Championship. His best

finish was in last year's tournament in Hawaii when he reached the semis, but he lost the match when he missed a 15-inch downhill putt. He is a claims supervisor for an insurance company in Milwaukee, has four children and plays golf twice a week. His parents were Armenians, born in Turkey, who settled in Racine in 1920.

These days Dodman plays in eight or 10 amateur tournaments a year, all ex-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN WOODHO

cept the APL, in Wisconsin. He considers the year a success if he wins two or three. Eleven years ago Dadian was out on the PGA tour and making expenses. He might still be there if he had not shattered the metacarpal bone of his left hand when he hit a rock with a sand wedge at the 1965 Azalea Open. He quit the tour and in 1968 underwent surgery that allowed him to begin playing again. In 1969, after doing three years of penance, he was reinstated as an amateur.

Dadian is short and stocky, with a gentle voice and the fierce, dogged competitiveness that makes a good match player. He drags a pull cart along behind him like a reluctant child as he barrels toward his next shot. Sometimes he breaks into a run. A spectator, watching him approach the 18th green at a dead run one afternoon, shook his head in wonder and said to no one in particular, "Look at that crazy Armenian!"

Crazy like a fox. In that match his opponent, Jim Peterson of Scottsdale, Ariz., was three up going to the 13th tee. Archie played the next six holes in two under par and won the match one up.

"It was a nightmare," wailed Peterson later. "The last six holes went so fast!"

Out of the other half of the draw emerged 22-year-old Eddie Mudd of Louisville, possibly the only good tobacco-chewing golfer in the U.S. A pitcher with a chaw in his cheek is one thing, but a kid in double-knits with tobacco-juice stains on his golf shirt gives one pause. When a Louisville tournament director told Eddie to take his choice, chew or play, Eddie pointed out that he neither littered the fairways with cigarette butts nor burned the greens as smokers did and, furthermore, when he spit he fertilized the grass. "It relaxes me," he draws. "Sometimes I mix Beech-Nut with snuff and sometimes I mix Red Man and Beech-Nut. I like that a lot. My wife chews, too, Applejack. She likes it, but she don't spit too good."

Sharon Mudd has been married four weeks. Eddie was involved in an 18-hole playoff for the Kentucky Amateur title on their wedding day. Despite that, Sharon gave up smoking at her husband's request and the decision led to Applejack. It seems safe to say that Sharon Mudd is



Eddie's father finally abandoned his impartiality

probably the only tobacco-chewing female math teacher in the Jefferson County school system.

Eddie has one semester to go for a degree in recreation from Morehead State University, but he has no intention of teaching or coaching. "I don't want no part of school when I get out," he says, *continued*

Publics runner up Archie Dadian, a 42-year-old insurance claims supervisor, sometimes ran after his ball, dragging his cart behind him a reluctant child.



He intends to turn pro, try to play the tour, and if that does not work out, to look for a club job in Louisville. His father, Ed Sr., who watched all of Eddie's matches from a discreet and suffering distance in the company of his new daughter-in-law, has been a teacher and coach at Butler High School in Louisville for 21 years. He is a big man with a large head, a football coach from Central Casting, but his daughter-in-law calls him Daddy Rabbit. He is also a member of the USGA's Public Links Committee, a fact that, during the early rounds, led to an enormous inner struggle as he sought to maintain an impartial demeanor. It almost killed Mudd the Elder. By the quarterfinal he had doffed his telltale blue blazer and other identifying insignia and abandoned any pretense of impartiality. He shouted "Go, ball!" at the top of his lungs as any loyal father/coach would.

Eddie Mudd is only about 5' 7" ("I played basketball till I got too short") but he weighs 165 and his shoulders are extremely powerful. He is working this summer at the Fairgrounds Golf Center in Louisville, a par-3 driving range-putt complex, where he cuts the grass, clears the range and hits a million golf balls. "A day," says his father.

Dadian and Mudd were a wonderful sight on Saturday as they set out on their daylong 36-hole outing, the squat, powerful middle-aged man with the pull cart and the square-jawed kid with the broad shoulders who looks like any cocky young pro, except there is that bulge in his jaw. Daddy Rabbit, who had started drinking coffee in the clubhouse at 7 a.m. because he could not sleep, was now staring disconsolately at a flock of ducks on a pond near the equipment shed, as if he were trying to decide whether he had the

stomach for what lay ahead of him.

Mudd won three of the first five holes before Dadian got a single one back. By the ninth Mudd had sunk putts of 30, 20 and 15 feet and again was three up. In an 18-hole match one might have been inclined to give up on Dadian, but 36 holes is a long road on which to maintain one's concentration and Dadian had the edge in experience. Archie saved par with a nine-iron from a maintenance road staff to the pin at 10 to get one back, let two more get away at 11 and 13, then on the 550-yard 14th, the longest hole on the course, he birdied. With three more pars and a bogey Dadian picked up one hole and went to lunch even par and two holes down.

At the 21st, the third hole of the afternoon, Eddie lost his lead and at the turn Dadian was one up. Disaster set in on the final nine—topped irons, overshoot greens and a conflict with a tree trunk—but the disasters were evenly distributed and the two golfers halved seven straight holes, the 28th through the 34th. Mudd was still one down and he was running out of time. He had to win one of the next two holes to stay alive.

The 17th at Bunker Hills is a 215-yard par-3 with traps left and right and the pin placed behind the right bunker. It is meant to be played into the teeth of the prevailing southeast wind, but this day there was only a slight breeze. Mudd's tee shot landed on the green 20 feet short of the hole. Dadian's was short of the green, but his chip was close. Eddie stepped up to his 20-footer and knocked it into the hole. Then he punched the air with his fist in triumph all the way to the cup. "When I do that it discourages my opponent, see," he confided later.

Eddie could have blown it all on the 18th with a bad putt that went four feet past the hole but he managed to get it down in regulation, and the match moved to the 37th hole. Both pushed their tee shots on the 390-yard par-4. Archie into a bunker, Eddie into some high rough. Archie's second advanced to the next bunker on the right. Then Archie flew the green. When he finally reached the putting surface he was lying four. Eddie was on from the rough in two. Archie took two putts to get down, and the kid had won. Daddy Rabbit threw his hat in the air and whooped.

The Amateur Public Links is not like anything else under the sporting sun. In spirit it is amateurism at its best, people

continued



Eddie's choice is Beech-Nut and snuff or Beech-Nut and Red Man. Wife Sharon prefers Appl'wood

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playing a game for the love of it, competing for the fun of it and striving when striving is its own reward. In practice, however, it is something of a hybrid. It was invented in 1922 by a youngish member of the USGA executive committee, James D. Standish Jr. of Detroit, a decent sort who felt there should be a national championship for golfers who could not afford to play in the U.S. Amateur. The problem lay in the sport's tough amateur code, particularly its insistence that an amateur pay all his expenses. An amateur championship is a costly proposition. It requires two rounds of qualifying, transportation to the site and food, lodging and caddie fees for as many as nine days. Standish's solution was in a great American tradition—separate but equal. Public-course players, just like club amateurs, should have a national title, but to make that possible they should be allowed, without jeopardizing their amateur status, to accept expense money. Today the maximum allowed the APL qualifiers is transportation and \$15 a day toward living expenses. The money comes from the tournament's \$10 entry fees and is distributed by Public Links committees across the country.

A possible by-product of Standish's altruism was the forestalling of criticism of the USGA, its amateur code and its then exclusionary membership policies. The code is still rigorous, but where once the USGA was made up of Myopias and Merions, today its membership is wide open. Not long ago five golfers got together, called themselves a club and applied. The USGA conferred, because there was no precedent, but finally it ruled in favor of the five some. The Los Angeles Police Department has a golf association that is a card-carrying member of the USGA. A city like Coon Rapids that owns a golf course cannot join, but the golfers at Bunker Hills can. And have.

"When I first became involved," says the USGA's Hannigan, "I had the thing figured as an anachronism and a loser. I thought its time had passed, because of the growth of college golf and the liberalization of USGA membership requirements. I thought we would find it increasingly hard to find decent sites and replacements for aging committees. As often, I was wrong. The thing is vitally alive in the sense that it serves a genuine need. The people who play in it care tremendously, it remains a relatively easy tournament to place and we have no trou-

ble in getting new committee guys."

This year there were 4,071 entries, 1,543 more than for last year's U.S. Amateur. Sectional qualifying narrowed that number to 159, and two days of stroke play on the 6,745-yard Bunker Hills course left 64 golfers eligible for six rounds of match play. Predictably, almost a third of the 64 were students. But the rest were teachers and truck drivers, salesmen and bartenders, cops and clerks, engineers and firemen, and 12 of them were 35 or older. They came from 27 states and all they had in common was their skill and a taste for competition. Each had qualified against enormous odds. In Minnesota, for instance, 503 golfers had competed for 12 spots.

The first APL was played in Toledo. The winner was an 18-year-old from St. Louis named Edmund R. Held, who played in a white shirt, a narrow tie and an enormous tweed cap that rested on rather prominent ears. A USGA account of the event concludes with the following information: "A most unusual incident occurred during match play. Two players had made their approaches on a hole near the finish when a pistol shot sounded in the rear of the gallery; a thoroughly uninterested spectator had chosen that moment to commit suicide."

The committees are every bit as diverse as the players. Thomas Chang of Honolulu has a paper-box business, George Dressler works for Penn State University's branch in Hershey, Moreno Cano of Seattle owns a fleet of cabs, Dr. Richard Silver is a Park Avenue dentist whose passion is *The Rules of Golf*, Julio Campagni of Chicago owns a bowling alley, Dale Christensen is Director of Parks for the city of Portland. One. Most of them have been public-links golfers themselves, yet their leader is a Connecticut patrician from the USGA executive committee, Prescott S. Bush Jr., who probably never saw a public course until he became chairman of the committee two years ago. Bush's wife is a Walker, as in Walker Cup, and his father was once president of the USGA and later a U.S. Senator.

Prescott Bush gave Eddie Mudd a medal that was every bit as gold as the Amateur champion's and the new Public Links champion said thank you to everybody he could think of. Then he grinned. "If y'all ever come to Looftvul, stop by and we'll play 18, or nine—if you give me two strokes."

END

HOW TO EARN YOUR STRIPES

by Catfish Hunter

A lot of people think pitching is mostly arm and wrist action. You think that way, you're headed for one sore arm. Where you get your power is from your legs. Put your legs to work and you don't have to swing that arm so hard, you're going to last a lot longer.

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IN A STRIKE ZONE OF HIS OWN

Oriole Jim Peimer sets records on the mound, but not all of his best deeds are done there. Off the field he maintains a low profile about his high-mindedness

by FRANK DEFORD

The starting pitcher is a unique athlete. While specialists only lately have become common in sports, the starter has always been one, dating back to the time when such indefatigable buffaloes as old Hoss Radbourn and Cy Young pitched with the same regularity as Dave Cash now lines up at second base. But unlike all the other specialists, whose roles tend to be as brief as they are crucial, the starter literally holds the whole game in the palm of his hand. Even specialists like the hockey goalie or the football kicker can only respond to the action; they cannot initiate it.

Perhaps because so much depends on the starter, there is nothing in athletics that speaks so much of shame as that awful moment when the manager strides to the mound and asks for the ball, the sound of epaulets ripping can be heard all over the park. Relief pitchers fail too, but they are mere transients, on the mound only because someone else failed. It is the starter who is scored for failure, for incompleteness. And among all athletes, only starting pitchers are removed. Other players are substituted for, given a breather, sat down, replaced and so forth. Starters are removed. And when they are, tribal ritual demands that they trudge alone to the dugout. No wonder more and more of the species choose to sprint from the premises. "It's tough walking off that mound," says Jim Palmer of the Orioles. "That's why I've started to run off."

And once they are removed or beaten fairly in a pitcher's duel, there are too many days—three or four or five—too brood about what went wrong, to ponder another big L. Even Palmer, who is among the *crème de la crème* of starters, fell into a slump early this season (as did Tom Seaver of the Mets and Catfish Hunter of the Yankees, his peers among the elite) and during a month-long period had only one win. Between starts he began to talk about how things even out. It is possible that he believed what he said.

No matter how great a pitcher has

been, it takes only a couple of bad starts to make him doubt himself. When a better slumps, he is "off"; he'll "break out of it." Pitchers who fall upon hard times are viewed more darkly. Have they "lost it"? Is their arm "gone"? Imagine lying awake wondering if your arm is gone.

At the height of his powers, Palmer normally labors every fourth day. Once his style was strictly fastball—overpowering. He still depends on it, but it is his precision more than his speed that marks

season, his career earned run average, 2.63, was the lowest in the history of the American League, and his winning percentage (.655) was the highest among all active pitchers. For these accomplishments, the Orioles last April signed Palmer to a three-year contract that calls for \$180,000 this season, \$185,000 next year and \$190,000 in 1978. Many people, including his wife, wanted him to hold out for a salary matching Seaver's 230 grand, but Palmer figured the deal was good



Palmer, who has a golden right arm, prefers to do most of his gardening with his green left thumb

him now. Most days he has good breaking stuff, too. He has a fluid righthand motion and his pitches tend to rise. High-ball pitchers last longer, because to get the ball down requires more stress and follow-through.

In five of the last six seasons Palmer has won 20 games or more, and the year he didn't he was injured. Even with his shaky spring he is already 12-8 this season. He won 15 games and pitched a shut-out in the World Series at the age of 20. He has won the Cy Young Award two of the past three years. Coming into this

season, "Maybe taking less is a defense mechanism," he says. "If they think you are greedy, there is more pressure on you."

As it is, Palmer feels obliged to give Baltimore 20 wins in return for what he is paid. He thinks that is a fair return. "The owners brought this on themselves," he says. "It started when they paid Richie Allen \$135,000, then came back and gave him a huge raise when he hit 37 home runs. What did they expect for \$135,000—10 home runs?"

Assuming he does not get injured and

continued

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can keep up his pace for another few years, Palmer will be a cinch for the Hall of Fame. He is happily married, a father, he is handsome, well dressed, well spoken and respected for his contributions to society.

Clearly, he is not a typical superstar, but he provides an illustration of what a superstar is, what being a great athlete in Bicentennial America is like. At the peak of his career he was on world championship teams, but now he toils for an ordinary club, many of whose players are distracted by dreams of free agency. Like most players, he does not work for a New York or Los Angeles team; though he is a product of the Golden State, Palmer is required to play in an unromantic old Eastern town. And yet, while he has no love for Baltimore, for its humidity and caustic fans, he feels a certain loyalty to the organization and to the city. He is neither a players' representative nor a company man. He is a natural athlete, who once seemed destroyed by an injury. He is only 30, but he has been in the majors since 1965, and he has seen much of the system and most of the players change. He wed his high school sweetheart as a teen-ager, but the marriage is solid and unthreatened. He still does not know what to make of fame and its demands. His escape is to the soil: he gardens, a rare hobby for an athlete.

Dave Leonhard, an ordinary pitcher who roomed with Palmer for six years, says, "Jim's not the kind of guy to write a story about. He's the kind of story they were writing 30 years ago when every athlete was portrayed as what you'd like your son to be. He's really a very insecure guy. I think it's only in the last two, three years that he's come to accept that he's great. But he's very nervous, can't sit still. Maybe that's why he gardens. What else is there for him to do? He doesn't gamble, doesn't drink, he doesn't chase women, and he doesn't sit still."

In sum, Palmer is a genuine, uncomplicated person. The only burden in his good, simple life is that of making \$180,000 for being a baseball star. Maybe that is the way it is with all stars, but in the ensuing inner struggle, sometimes the person wins out and sometimes the ego does. Generally, the players who remain persons are assumed to be uninteresting, while those who become merely egos are considered colorful.

Boog Powell once said of Palmer, "If Jim was pitching in New York, he would be the greatest thing since bottled beer." As soon as Henry Aaron got up around 700 home runs, everybody began saying the same thing about him. Certainly, if players like Palmer and Aaron had worked the Big Apple they would be better known, and Palmer would no doubt have a line of men's sportswear named after him.

But the New York-Los Angeles business has been terribly overdone and accepted much too easily. Catfish Hunter obtained a lot of fame because of the unusual circumstances that enabled him to leave the A's for the Yankees, but he is no better known, no more well defined, in New York than he was in Oakland. His case is evidence that sports publicity is unique. The influential show-biz press resides in Manhattan and Hollywood, except on those rare occasions when it stars for road trips to Vegas. Similarly, the major political media are all nailed down in Washington and New York, changing scenery only when Air Force One flies or, quadrennially, when they are privileged to discover America during the presidential primaries.

But athletes must play the road, and so the sporting press is diffuse. Johnny Bench was not dreamed up in New York. His notices from Cincinnati, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh forced New York to accept him. That is the way sports publicity works. Sure, it helps that a Joe Namath or a Seaver wears a New York team uniform, but it is certainly not imperative.

The way the system functions, the best thing an athlete can have is clear definition—Tom Terrific, Broadway Joe, Walt Frazier is the ultimate sports media figure. He has a nickname (Clyde), a knack for the quick, apt quote and a simple image: he likes clothes and girls. His teammates, Earl Monroe, for example, or Bill Bradley, may be a great deal more interesting but, precisely because they are not categorized, the press in the cities they visit does not have time for them as they pass through town. When the Baltimore Orioles reach Cleveland next time, who are all the local reporters going to clamor around, Reggie Jackson or Jim Palmer?

Like a number of superstars, Palmer is not easy to define, perhaps because he is anxious to wall off the private man

from the public creature. This is a conscious decision, for he is hardly unable to express himself and he cannot pretend to be vague and forgetful. Indeed, his memory is incredible. He can reel off, pitch by pitch, whole innings from games played years ago. "One time about 15 of us were discussing an old game," says Brooks Robinson. "Everyone said it was this way. Palmer said it was another. We checked the scorebook, and he was right. Jim never forgets."

Nor is he afraid to speak his mind. When as a negotiating ploy Reggie Jackson delayed reporting to Baltimore in April after he had been traded from the A's, other Orioles hid behind off-the-record statements and blarney "no comments" when asked about Jackson's tactic. But when Palmer was interviewed, he stood up and said that he had "lost some respect" for his new teammate and accused him of hurting the club. More recently, stung by being left off the American League All-Star team, Palmer hotly referred to All-Star Manager Darrell Johnson of the Red Sox as "an idiot."

Since he can be so outspoken, yet is so reticent, Palmer must carry a lot within him. His wife Susan, whom both Palmers classify as the tougher one in the family, remembers that when she first got to know him, she asked him about his being adopted. He made a cursory response, and the matter has not come up again in all their years of marriage. Likewise, Leonhard, his good friend, can not recall Palmer ever mentioning the subject.

Palmer does not know who his natural parents are and professes no interest in the matter. He knows only that he grew up in New York as Jim Wiesen, the adopted son of Moe and Polly Wiesen. The father was a dress manufacturer and a Jew, the mother the owner of a boutique and a Catholic. (For years a trivia question among Jews has been, name the two greatest Jewish pitchers.) Palmer was raised in comfort, sometimes living in a large apartment, with servants, on Park Avenue, at other times in houses in suburban Westchester County. He did not realize that his father had a heart condition. When he was nine, he woke up one morning and saw a lot of cars in the driveway. He came downstairs to find out what was up. He learned his father had died in the night.

"You must always remember that Jim is happy and well adjusted despite hav-

continued

ing endured two potentially great traumas of childhood," says Susan. "He was adopted, then his father died. You read any book on child psychology, and you see what just one of these experiences can do to a child. Jim had both."

His mother moved Jim and his sister, who was also adopted, to California, where they resided briefly in Whittier, then in Beverly Hills. Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis lived across the street. Mrs. Wassen married Max Palmer, a sometime actor and manager of the bars at Hollywood Park and Santa Anita. Jim took his stepfather's surname in 1959, his last year in California. Then the family moved to Scottsdale, Ariz. One of the first kids Palmer met there was Susan. She would come over and swim at his pool. But she was going with another guy. When that romance broke up, Palmer moved right in. He married her after the Orioles signed him to a \$50,000 bonus. He was only 18 years old.

Superstars have extraordinary bodies. Sometimes we forget that it all comes down to that. As kids they are superior to other children. They can do practically anything athletic right off the bat and they just get better and better. Palmer's mother would not let him play football until his junior year in high school. He caught 54 passes and made all-state. He was all-state in baseball as well, and not just for his pitching; he hit 483 one season. He was all-state in basketball, too,

averaging more than 25 points a game. Had he taken a scholarship offered by UCLA, he would have played with Lew Alcindor. Later, Palmer took up golf and broke 80 within a year; his pro said he could make the tour if he applied himself. Now, in between stints in his garden, Palmer plays a surprisingly good game of left-handed tennis—left-handed in order to protect his pitching arm.

It is important to keep in mind that virtually all of the great athletes have this sort of do-everything-well experience. And because they are clearly superior in physical endeavors, it is not difficult for them to perceive themselves as special in every way. This accounts for the way they feel about several things: about women, about money, about returning phone calls, about picking up tabs. When you have a great body, life does not seem to be encumbered by many imponderables. What sets Palmer apart is that he has not only seen how frail life can be, but also how vulnerable his great body is. After he started in the World Series at age 20, an arm injury sent him plummeting to the lowest minors, to rejection by every major league team, to a day when he gave up 10 runs and 14 hits in a five-inning appearance against instructional league kids.

"I'd never failed at anything," Palmer says. "Nothing. Maybe this was supposed to happen. I can't complain. Maybe if this hadn't happened, I might not be the

same person today." As soon as his arm was cured, he came back to the majors and was 16-4.

Since then he has rarely turned down a request for his time or his good name. His major national affiliation is not with some commercial product, but with the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation, for which he has served as national sports chairman for five years. On the road, on those days when he is not pitching, he turns himself over to the local chapters. He sees the sick kids in hospitals, he makes radio tapes, he gives speeches.

"You can't believe this guy," says Dave Shapiro, a trustee of the Northern Illinois CF chapter. "Do anything you ask, never any rush, and do it in every town. I've worked with a lot of these athletes. Even in their hometowns, they let you know they're doing you a favor to help out a charity. They'll show up late, they give you a short speech, and then they ask for money."

Like the rest of him, Palmer's altruism is little known. He makes nothing of it. "Look, I know who I am," he says. "I happen to get a great deal of satisfaction from helping people. A ballplayer can't completely divorce his one life from the other. We are parents, we are humans, we live in the community. Sometimes people don't understand that. They think we all eat funny foods."

"Why put off living the other part of your life? Why not be the human now as well as the ballplayer? I'm going to have a normal life sometime, and all this helping Cystic Fibrosis is helping me make the transition easier."

Says Sue Palmer: "The trouble with Jim is that he can't say no—to a fault. It seems to me that he must do all these things for others because of what he has: two healthy children, a good marriage. I guess this is just Jim's way for making up for being so happy."

As a pitcher, Palmer is a split personality. He means about the inevitability of lucky hits, and when things go sour he paces about the mound, kicks the front of the rubber, stares out into the distance and alternately stretches his arm to wake it up or lets it dangle by his side, as if he does not recognize it and wants nothing to do with it. George Bamberger, the respected Oriole pitching coach, says that Palmer invariably falls into one slump a year—and into a state of abject despair. "Then all of a sudden he decides he's



Palmer reflects on the citation he received for his work with the national Cystic Fibrosis Foundation

going to win nine in a row, and he's fine," Bamberger says.

But Palmer can be just as contrary if he is winning with bad stuff, the sign of a top pitcher. Once he complained and moaned between innings of a one-hitter. He will disparage his whole act: "You think pitching's all that difficult? Just go stand around the batting cage before a game and see how the best hitters do with some of the easiest pitches. When I'm out there and they're getting his off my best pitches, lots of times I've thought, 'I bet I could get them out just by lobbing a few up.'"

He is a perfectionist, and while this is responsible for his success, it also is a source of occasional despair. "I don't care who you are, no human being can start off a game pitching to spots," says Bamberger. "You start off too fine and you are sure enough going to get behind." Manager Earl Weaver, the banty rooster who seems to keep his team of free agents together largely by telling them things they do not want to hear, says that Palmer's problem is compounded by the fact that his breaking pitches, which come in high before dipping at the last moment, look too much like balls for spineless umpires to dare call them properly as strikes.

Palmer's and Weaver's conversations about pitching must be fascinating, because neither will listen to the other on the subject. Smoking another Raleigh—and making sure to tuck away the coupon—Weaver says, "His control is off one night. He's walking guys. He's always giving out this stuff about how he's too smart to get into a big inning . . . he give you that? I thought so. But the trouble is—and he'll call me a damn liar—I think he gets into big innings sometimes by thinking too much about how he's not going to get into a big inning."

"So I said, 'You're starting to take something off them pitches.' And he said—get this—he said, 'No, I'm not. They're perfect pitches.'"

"So I said, 'Yeah, you're right. They're too perfect. The batter won't swing at them, and the umpire won't call them strikes.'"

Palmer shakes his head and says, "Earl means well. He is spontaneous, but he is also not afraid to apologize. The main thing is, you must never forget that playing baseball is an extension of your youth. Instead of having my parents scream at me, now I have Earl Weaver."

If Weaver or Bamberger should visit the Palmers' house, he would understand immediately why it is futile to try to persuade him to throw less than ideal pitches. There is not a thing out of place. Dust has been canceled, wrinkles outlawed. In the two daughters' bedrooms, even the dolls are neatly, symmetrically arranged. Years ago Leonhard dubbed Susan Palmer Susie Spotless, and she is a fair match for her husband. Outside, beyond the tidy garage where every implement cowers in its assigned location around the shiny Mercedes, the flowers stand at parade rest in his garden. Palmer lives in a strike zone, right on the corner, high and tight at the letters.

The house is located in Phoenix, Md., barely 20 minutes from Memorial Stadium, but it would be incorrect to pass it off as suburban. A sloping 17th-century house is nearby; the Palmer land was once part of that manor. It is rolling green Maryland farmland, just over from the hunt country where steeplechases are still run and the hounds and the riders in their hunter's pink are still blessed at the church before they take after foxes on Thanksgiving morning. The ball park, so near, is far away. The smell is of honeysuckle, the sounds are of birds and bees, and the sun shines benignly down on all Palmer's handwork, which he has placed in the ground precisely and left-handed.

"I've planted just about everything," he says. "Except trees. They take too long to grow." It is the one concession to his profession, to trades and sales and to arms that wither and are gone. Besides, Palmer recognizes that these are unsure times for players.

Unlike him, most athletes settle for being gypsies; a new stereo set that has to be wired is the closest thing to permanence. So what is a new team? A new town? "I'll play anywhere they pay me well," says Oakland Outfielder Joe Rudi. But baseball, like a garden, is a fragile enterprise, and it takes only a slight shift to throw the delicate balance out of whack. Unless the smaller flowers are given some room, the larger plants will overshadow all, and soon only Gotham or Hollywood will bloom.

Palmer bears scant allegiance to Baltimore. He will abandon it and return to the West as soon as he is through playing. But he is a rarity among today's athletes; he perceives the interlocking needs

of players, owners and cities. Already, he points out, people in baseball are dividing teams into a new version of the haves and have-nots—the cans and cannots. The cannots are unable to afford to be competitive; they cannot afford even to try for the pennant.

"The most depressing thing of all is to play on a team that you know right from the start of the season hasn't got a chance," Palmer says. "I almost signed with Houston instead of the Orioles. Think how different everything, all these years, would have been if I had done that. I would have been Larry Dierker. Think of him, all these years, pitching for that team. Now think how much worse it would be if you knew that you were with a team that not only couldn't win this year, but couldn't win any year."

Playing in one of the smallest market areas in the majors, the Orioles are fast approaching such status. Only recently the finest franchise in baseball, the organization is now threadbare. Fully one-fifth of its players are playing out their options. Management has been reduced to trading its malcontents to New York and getting odds and ends in return, instead of waiting for the end of the season, when it will get nothing for them. On the Orioles' bus during their most recent trip to New York, Jackson cheerfully called out to his teammates, "Who wants to go apartment hunting with me?" Palmer suspects that if Jackson and the others leave after the season, the Orioles also will unload him to a rich team, give up the ghost completely and become an official cannot.

"A large part of the problem is that Marvin Miller sits up there in New York and makes his decisions in a New York frame of mind," says Palmer. "There is a different attitude about this whole player thing in New York than there is in places like Baltimore. I'm sorry, I'm no owners' man, but is it to the players' advantage to move around, if there aren't many places to move to?"

"Leave Baltimore aside. Take a city like Milwaukee. I don't know anything about it, except whenever I play there, I think to myself, 'This seems like a nice town.' The people are nice, there are nice restaurants. But who's going to want to play there if he's got a chance at a bigger city or a better team—and pretty soon all the bigger cities will have the better teams, so it'll be even more one-sided."

continued



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ZONE OF HIS OWN continued

"Look, I'd love to play in L.A. Take Bobby Grich, who's another one of our guys playing out his option. He comes from California. If you come from there and you can make \$80,000 or whatever in either place, where would you rather play, L.A. or Baltimore?"

"But look, the Orioles offered me a good salary. It was fair enough. They've got to gamble that I'll give them three more healthy years. I've got a home here. It is a good team. We had a chance to win when the season started. Until you've won, you'll never know what really counts."

"I'm only 30, but players who are just two or three years younger than I am are from a whole different generation. They have different life-styles, different wants and needs. We just wanted to make the major leagues. They're all concerned about where they'll play. I didn't even know where Baltimore was when I signed. Really, I just knew it was on the East Coast."

"And all this is sad because nobody's going to want to play here or in Milwaukee. Pretty soon there might not be any baseball in Baltimore or Milwaukee. Is this good? Is this really good for the players? I guess in the end it comes down to: how selfish do we want to be?"

Weaver sits in the dugout, sucking on his Raleighs. He tilts his cap back on his head when he holds these audiences. The dugout is his best place. He never was much good on the field. He must hate guys like Palmer. As a player Weaver was a profane little scuffer, limited and lacking. He is short. Palmer is tall. Weaver is trained for nothing except baseball. If Palmer did not have a good arm, his blue eyes alone would still be enough to get him by. Weaver did not grow up with servants on Park Avenue or across the street from Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. Weaver tries his best to drive Palmer crazy by maintaining that any major league pitcher should be able to get his curve over every time. It is his little game, you ain't perfect, Jim Palmer.

But, sitting in the dugout, even Weaver relents. "He's a nice guy, Jim, smart as they come," he says. "He's in every game. I'll tell you this about Palmer: he's one of the few guys left who root every night. There's not many of that kind around anymore." Earl Weaver will keep him in the rotation for as long as he possibly can.

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GUARDIAN DRAGON OF SULPHUR BOTTOM

Two naked men take on a monster in an attempt to keep trespassers away from a primeval swamp in East Texas

by WILLIAM HUMPHREY

In my time, Sulphur Bottom, in the East Texas woods, remained much as it had been from the beginning. Clearing was confined to its edges. Within it towered virgin oaks. Rattan vines connected the trees in webs that looked as though they had been spun by spiders from the age of the mastodons. Cane grew roof-tall in brakes as dense as fur, impenetrable. Its guardian monsters had kept the place inviolate.

But now, in the mid '30s, signs of change were appearing, and my father, the man most responsible for them, was the one to whom they were least welcome. Game bags of the size he brought out of there emboldened others. Motor cars—kept running by him—got more men there more easily. To discourage these trespasses upon what he considered to be his private preserve, my father periodically shot and put on display at his garage a particularly big water moccasin, propping open the mouth to show its fangs and its deathly white interior. Or—but for this he needed help.

Whenever my father needed help in anything, he got it from Wylie West, his carbon copy. Wylie had no more sense than he had. Wylie would have walked through fire if my father had gone first.

Wylie worked for my father. He worked at my father's garage. However, he did not work for the garage; he worked for my father. To Mr. Barton, my father's partner, Wylie paid no mind.



Had he been asked what his feelings toward Wylie were, my father would have said, "That's none of your business." In fact, Wylie was the one man he liked, trusted and respected. But the code governing relations between the races forbade that he show this, or even altogether admit it to himself—although my father was just enough of a maverick and enough of an outsider, without all that

much social standing to lose, to test the code to the breaking point. Thus he saw to it that other white men, his customers at the shop, treated Wylie with a difference, which must have galled them, and he said to Wylie that if any of them gave him any trouble, to let him know.

With himself, of course, he expected Wylie to know his place. Wylie had gained my mother's approval by never

From a work in progress, "Father Off From Heaven" ©1976 by William Humphrey



turning his back on her, or on any other white woman. He bowed himself away from her back door. He mistreated me. We took such deference as our due. We never questioned that Wylie did, too. Just one thing bothered me. I liked Wylie to an unacceptable degree, beyond what was tolerated. I had heard the term "niggerlover" and the contempt and the hatred with which it was spoken. I had to

be on guard against letting my fondness for Wylie show. In town, that is—another reason for my love of the woods. There, with no one to see us, we could be more free and easy with one another.

Whenever my father felt that too many hunters were poaching on his preserve, it was Wylie he took with him—and, once, me—there to find something to put a little caution in them.

The time they took me with them it was early fall. We boated in. We were going in deep because alligators, although there is the occasional odd man eater, mostly shun people widely. We took with us a live duck. It was one of the flock of wild mallards my father kept penned in our backyard for use as decoys.

A boat seemed hardly to be necessary on that water. It was so thick, so mo-
continued

tionless with mud, it looked as though it could more easily be walked upon. The river led straight through the woods like an aisle, and down it we passed as silently as barefoot believers, our shoes left outside on the temple porch. When we had paddled a short distance, it was as though a door had closed behind us, shutting out the sounds of the world: a door as heavy as a temple's, a silence in which to have spoken would have been an irreverence. Yet it was not an empty but a populous silence, an attentive, even an inquisitive silence, one I learned I felt myself to be an explorer, a discoverer.

The stillness, the sea-calm silence, that was the thing that struck me first about the deep woods, which, as it steadily deepened, steadily challenged and put an doubt my sense of myself, of everything. Timelessness hung like a vacuum over that vast unvisited domain. For me, time was associated with sound, inseparable from it—the chatter and bustle of human affairs, the dependable chiming of my town clock, which I had heard within, at most, a quarter of an hour after coming into the world—and with the comforting conviction that others were regulating their lives in synchrony with mine. Time was people, social life, the sharing with others of measured portions of the day—at school, at work, at play. Time was schedules to meet, anniversaries, celebrations, communions. This journey into silence was a journey into timelessness. And because time was commitments, responsibilities, I understood as never before the lure of these timeless woods for that half-wild father of mine.

In places the river parted the thick cane that grew down to the water's edge. At our approach, herons white as linen napkins and folded together in pleats, unfolded themselves and rose stiffly into flight. A flock of buzzards hung high overhead, moving with us as though we had them on strings, like kites. The trees grew in height as we penetrated deeper into the woods, giving the sense that we were descending an ever-deepening and darkening canyon. Whenever a limb overhung the water we stopped and inspected it carefully before passing under it. More than once we found what we feared a moccasin stretched along it. The thing would gaze at us, baring its fangs, the unearthly whiteness of its mouth, then slide leisurely from the limb and drop to the water like some large, ripe,

poison fruit. As big around as a man's calf, some of them were.

We lunched in the boat on cheese, canned sardines, deviled ham, beans and chocolate bars—the provisions of boys playing hooky from school—and paddled on.

It was fun to frighten oneself with the thought that a volley of arrows might come any minute from out of the bushes along the banks. Much more real was the sense of being the first of one's kind ever seen here—such a curiosity as to stop the birds in their flight, the animals on their rounds. One had left behind all that made one familiar to oneself. The vastness and the changeless antiquity of the place made me feel very small and very, very young.

We pitched camp early enough to kill our supper. I was of an age now to be allowed to go off hunting on my own—of an age to know when I had reached the end of my tether, which was within call of my father's hunting horn. This was an old steer's horn, gnawed by mice. When it was time to call me in, my father put it to the right-hand corner of his mouth, compressed his lips, puffed his cheeks, and out came a sound that carried in the stillness like a ship's horn in a fog. To me it was as welcome as its mother's call to a strayed calf. He sounded it at intervals until I found my way to him.

We divided the camp chores among us. Wylie set the trolline, my father skinned the squirrels. I gathered wood. Together we peeled the potatoes and onions, scraped the carrots. While the stew simmered on the fire the men drank whiskey. Night brought the woods to life with sounds. It was after dark that time was counted here in the regular hooting of the owl. In bed after supper I felt my father reach over me and touch Wylie. I too had heard what he had heard; now I understood what it was. The distant bellow of a bull alligator, like some dinosaurian yawl in the night.

The men woke in the morning gray-faced with whiskers. This made them look even more ghostly as we all went about our chores in the gray light that filtered down to us from the narrow opening between the trees high overhead. Breakfast was fried catfish taken from the trolline, sweet black coffee. We broke camp and were on the water by sunup.

Now every twist in the river carried one farther from all that he knew and was. Even the occasional cries of the

birds and the animals were strange—surely they came from creatures different from the ones in the alphabet book. And yet, along with the deepening sense of strangeness came a sense of familiarity, as though one had been here before, but in another life. Then the cries of the animals seemed parts of speech, and one was led on by the feeling that soon, perhaps around one more turn, that long-forgotten universal mother tongue would come back to him. Here, untended since our expulsion from it, was surely the garden that once was ours, where we had given the creatures their names. A little farther on, those names would recur to us, and they would all come meekly in answer to our call.

Late that second afternoon we found the sign we were looking for. Holes—big holes—dug into the riverbank. We made camp, but not near our find.

Came meekly in answer to his name, the beast I heard that night? Vast as the woods were, they were filled by the bellows that began when darkness was deep. It was as if the thing wished to be heard in the outside world—and as if it had a mouth adequate to that wish. Listening to it, lying close beside my father, I sensed in him regions as vast, as wild, as unknown to me as the wilderness we had come through to get to this spot. Other men, from time immemorial, had cautiously avoided this place, what drew him in here to disturb the thing that made that dreadful noise? It was a sound both hideous and oddly pitiful—like the groan of some monstrosity, some horrendous mistake of nature, a creature of darkest night, afraid to catch sight of itself or even of its ugly shadow, by day, raging against its own unbearable brutishness and the isolation to which it had been consigned.

We returned to the spot on the riverbank early next morning. Now we carried with us two long poles, two saplings that the men had cut and trimmed and pointed at one end. They put me on the bank opposite from and a short distance upstream of the holes, then towed themselves across. They took off their clothes and put them in the boat, keeping on their tennis shoes.

When they were stripped to the skin, it was as though the two men had been picked to illustrate a lecture on the difference between the races, to show nature's vast variety. Wylie was as black as my father was white, and each extreme accentuated the other. Both were an ab-

continued

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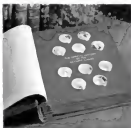
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sence of color, and seemed to have been cut out from the surroundings, leaving their outlines. Rather broad outlines they were. No longer the slender young man who married my mother, my father now weighed around 165. Wylie was somewhere near the same. Two short, thick-set, muscular little men—big men in miniature.

They loaded their 30-30 carbines, feeding the first cartridge into the chamber, seven more into the magazine. The loaded rifles were propped against trees at a distance from each other. The poles were planted in the bank.

The duck was taken from its cage and launched, and, as decoy ducks always do, tried to fly. Paddling rapidly to get up speed for the takeoff and beating the water with its clipped wings, it succeeded only in churning up a commotion. Suddenly it sank. It did not turn tail up and dive as ducks do; it sank. One moment it was there, then, quicker than it could quick, it was gone. At that same moment there was a loud splash, or rather two, and gone from the bank were the men.

They were under for a long time. First to surface was Wylie. A moment passed. Then for a second the surface swelled, as I had seen it do when a creek is dynamited; that instant after the detonation and before the eruption. Then out of the water and high into the air burst my father, hanging on to something long and live and in a convulsion of rage.

He had hold of an alligator—fully nine feet long—by its short forelegs, as one might pin a man's arms behind him. Wylie threw himself in their direction, and in the split second that the furiously lashing tail was away from him, lunged and grabbed the hind legs. The animal writhed, twisted, heaved. Firemen trying to hold on to the biggest and most powerful water hose were never more flung about, for the animal's power exceeded that, and it had a will behind it and a brain, brutish, always hostile, now enraged. There was no letting go; they were joined to the thing, both had to hold on—hold on truly for dear life. Having recovered breath, both were laughing, between grunts, as though having the time of their lives.

They wrestled that bundle of fury to the bank and heaved it out of the water. Sure as a cat, it landed on its feet, and like a cat it arched itself for battle. No step toward either the water or the woods did it take. It stood its ground.

It looked amedievalian, the one creature too totally malevolent to be taken aboard the Ark, a monster from out of the primeval slime, gratefully thought long extinct. For a moment, until it moved, it looked clumsy. Not confounded—anything but—alert throughout its length, but out of its element, ponderous, ill-equipped for dry land. Not so; it was highly adaptable. It circled now, seeking its enemy, and its motions were as sure as though it moved on treads—truly amphibious, an all-purpose engine of destruction designed to be invulnerable. Armor-plated, with a scaly hide as hard as horn and triply armed it was, formidable from every approach, with its powerful long tail, the claws of its huge half-webbed feet, the terrible teeth of its enormous chops bared permanently in a zestfully malicious, murderous grin. Its forelegs folded like elbows, its hind legs like knees; it stood like a man lying on its stomach about to do a push-up. Now it straightened and stiffened its legs, erecting itself to its full fighting height. It hissed as loud as a steam locomotive, and the spray of muddy water from its nostrils made it appear to be snorting smoke. The grating together of the scales of its tail as it lashed from side to side made a swish in the air like a volley of bullets. It stood its ground, ready and a match for anything that lived.

In only a moment of irresolution came when the two men clambered onto the bank and it had to choose which one to go for first. It went for Wylie. And its gaping jaws made it appear to be guffawing at the puniness of its opponent. Wylie had plucked his pole out of the ground and now he jabbed the creature with it as it stalked him. Undeterred, it attacked, bellowing, hissing, its tail lashing steadily to ward off the enemy at its back, all the while making that metallic, multi-scooled sound, like the rustle of a coat of mail. As it forced Wylie back and back I expected to see my father go for his rifle, but he was enjoying the sport and instead he gave the creature a whack on its tail with his pole and a bellow in imitation of its own. It answered with a bellow, swiveled and advanced, hissing madly, on him, its tail always keeping that wide swath cleared behind it. Now my father jostled with it while Wylie harried it with whoops and hollers.

Like a pair of matadors they teased it by turns, and worked it into a fit of fury.

It seemed to grow, to swell with the mounting pressure of its frustration and to grow still more menacing and terrible. Quicker, too.

It made a dash at my father. He thrust at it with his pole. Flinching, it reared, then before my father could ready another thrust, it had his pole, snapped it with a bite, and as it came on toward my father it seemed to be grinning for the kill. It dashed Wylie from behind. But the alligator was intent now on its disarmed enemy and not to be distracted by the blows, thick and heavy as they were, on its back. They sounded as though they were falling on something as solid and insensitive as a turtle's shell.

My father was running backward but the animal was fast closing the gap that divided them when Wylie found a vulnerable spot. Where the hind leg joined the body his spear drew blood. Blood, and with it, the loudest bellow yet. The animal turned on him. My father turned and sprinted for his rifle.

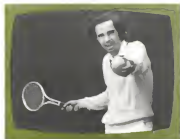
Goaded to a frenzy of hate and frustration, the animal propelled itself at Wylie, who dropped his spear, turned and ran for his rifle. He had not yet reached it when my father, with his, leaped over that constantly lashing tail and came down astride the alligator, firing even before he touched the ground. Though it stopped, the animal gaped hugely, reared so high it looked as though my father were riding bareback and it was trying to throw him, and gave its tail a lash that seemed meant to demolish all the world behind it. Then its legs folded and it sank upon itself, its weight forcing its jaws shut.

As the two men, like naked savages, did their victory dance around it, whooping and yelling and pounding each other's backs, the alligator's tail died segment by segment, down to the tip. When that final bit stopped twitching and death distended the animal, it flattened and widened on the ground, its relaxation causing its teeth to grate for one last time.

Afterward, when I asked my father whether he had not been scared, he said yes, very. I disbelieved that of my father, but I was grateful to him for saying it. It took some of the taint of childishness off the fear I had felt.

Placed on exhibit at the garage with its jaws propped open, that dragon was more effective than signs posted all around Sulphur Bottom saying DANGER. KEEP OUT. C. HUMPHREY, PROP. END

'NOW TRY LOVING THIS BALL'



GALLOWAY HAS STUDENTS RATE STROKES ON THE FUN METER

Tim Galloway, author of *The Inner Game of Tennis*, was giving a lesson recently on an indoor court in New York City. After he had quietly worked on the pupil's volley for several minutes, Galloway loped up to the net and said, "O.K. I want you to judge these shots on the 'fun-meter.' I don't care if they go in or out, hit the net or hit the ceiling. The object is simply to have fun. Rate your volleys from one to 10, and save 10 for your favorites." The ratings were low at first, but gradually the student forgot about style or results and started whacking the ball. Eights and nines began to come in bunches, and the student smiled as he stroked. After a particularly good volley, Galloway shouted, "Man, just returning that one was a 10 on my fun-meter."

Because he was enjoying himself so much, the student did not realize until later that his volleys had become crisper, deeper, stronger, better. Walking off the court, Galloway and his pupil passed another lesson in progress. Between shots, they could hear the familiar Galloway of "Bend your knees, watch the ball." Galloway smiled and shook his head.

Galloway has been hacking away at tennis-teaching subbothefts for years (SI, Aug. 13, 1973), and his latest efforts are on view in a six-week television series called *Inner Tennis* that is based on his book and produced for PBS by KCET, Los Angeles. The half-hour shows ran on consecutive Sundays in May and June, and luckily for tennis buffs

who missed them the first time around, PBS has put them back on the air. There is a second chance to take a fresh approach to the game, one that excludes advice such as "Try loving the ball a little," and "Ride across the net with the ball," experience the wind and feel the gravity pull you down to earth." Beginning this week, the reruns of *Inner Tennis* will be shown on more than 200 PBS stations on Friday mornings at 11:30 and Sundays at 11 p.m.

Now 38, Galloway has been playing and thinking about tennis all his life. A

top-ranked junior, he went on to become captain of the Harvard team. A trip to India and an encounter with the Guru Maharaj Ji ("who showed me what winning is") led Galloway to develop what he calls "yoga tennis."

The TV segments have impressive-sounding titles, for instance, "Fear" and "Awareness." They were filmed during a three-day span at the Malibu Beach (Calif.) Racquet Club on a modest \$72,060 budget. Each show takes the form of a clinic in which Galloway instructs 25 players chosen at random right on camera. The instructors range from beginners to professionals.

Galloway is an engaging and intelligent host. He begins each segment with a short discussion of the subject to be covered, then he and his students step onto the court. Once the lesson begins, there is a generally good balance between talk and tennis, and Galloway remembers to speak to the clinic audience, not to the camera.

In one sense, Galloway tricks his students into better tennis. He takes their minds off the traditional do's and don'ts with drills like the "bounce-hit." The bounce-hit consists of saying "bounce" every time the ball touches the court and "hit" every time it is struck. The clinic participants showed remarkable improvement simply because they were concentrating on the ball.

Galloway's method is especially effective with beginners, who have not had time to de-

velop bad habits. In the third show, which is entitled "Basics," Galloway plays a game with a girl named Yvonne who had never faced an opponent across the net. As they took the court, Galloway gave her absolutely no instruction and "Presto!" firm ground strokes. Graceful rallies, lasting up to 25 shots. No double-faults. A pro who was in the clinic audience commented that most beginners would take six to eight weeks to reach the level of play that Yvonne had attained in five minutes. "Was she believable?" Galloway asked later. "We had trouble getting her to hit any bad shots." A close look at Yvonne's racket even revealed a broken string.

Inner Tennis has its shortcomings. The limited budget reduced the number of cameras and camera angles. The cameramen apparently were unaccustomed to filming tennis, one player is often off-center in the picture or entirely missing from it. Occasionally a question from an onlooker is lost in the wind. And members of the audience seem too aware of the cameras. As a result, their comments at times sound forced.

The fourth and fifth shows ("Concentration" and "Awareness") are too long on talk and too short on action. They include several yoga-type exercises that are of little use to the average player. In the final chapter of his book, entitled "The Inner Game off the Court," Galloway applies his theory to daily life. The TV series wisely sticks to tennis.

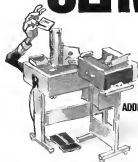
The best show is the last, which is called "Competition." Galloway divides tennis players into five categories—defensive specialist, aggressive net-charger, stylist, win-at-all-costs and detached Buddhist—and gives amusing renderings of each. Then he suggests a useful drill: pick the style that least resembles your own and try to play that way. You are sure to start hitting shots you did not know you were capable of.

Galloway is no miracle worker, nor does he claim to be. *Inner Tennis* may not work for you. Or you may experience temporary improvement, then regress to old habits.

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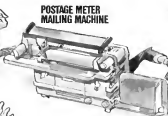
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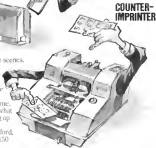
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Pitching flubs drub Cubs

WITH THE LARGEST STAFF IN THE MAJORS, CHICAGO HAS PROVEN QUANTITY IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY. THE TEAM'S ERA (4.63) IS THE LEAGUE'S WORST IN YEARS

Jonathan Winters is a comedian, not a Cub, but last week in the visitors' dressing room at Dodger Stadium he was acting like one. While the real Cubs looked on in amusement, Winters stuck a Chicago cap on his head and, complete with sound effects and gestures, went through the motions of a pitcher. He looked in, he wound up, he delivered. It was very realistic, and it seemed even truer to life when Winters' imaginary batter hit a home run. Every one of the Cubs laughed—even the pitchers, who knew the feeling all too well.

Chicago pitchers, particularly the club's starters, have been a laughing matter all season. They are the softest and most frequent touches in the major leagues, allowing more runs, more hits and more homers, and compiling fewer complete games than any other staff. They have lost games by scores of 18-16 (to Philadelphia after leading 13-2) and

14-12 (to Los Angeles). When they somehow ran off three consecutive shutouts just before the All-Star break, one of them said, "It was more a relief than something to celebrate." Since the hitters (.250) and the fielders (.74 errors) are only slightly better than the pitchers, the Cubs are in fifth place in the National League East, 15 games under .500 and 22½ behind the Phillies.

Pitching is said to be 75% of the game; with Chicago it's probably 90% of the problem. Certainly it has taken 100% of the blame. "Yeah, we've been crucified," says Rick Reuschel, who with brother Paul forms a sibling combination that will never rival Dizzy and Paul Dean. "We've had to stick together and encourage each other a lot."

The Cubs' 11-man staff is the largest in the majors, but there is not a blue-chipper in the lot. In fact, there is only one pitcher with a career record above .500. Rick Reuschel has been the most consistent starter this year, even though his record dropped to 8-7 and his ERA increased to 4.43 after losing to the Dodgers last week. Ray Burris has plunged from 15-10 last season to 4-10. Bill Bonham's ERA is 4.98, and he has not gotten past the fifth inning in his last four starts. Steve Stone might be effective, but shoulder trouble has limited him to 21 innings so far. The fifth starter is Steve Renko, who was let go by the Expos, the only team in the division worse than the Cubs.

"With the amount of pitching experience most of us have, we should be showing more," says the underconfident Bonham of a staff that is not particularly young. "No one has been able to carry the load. We need someone to go crazy and win 10 in a row. It would pick us up. But it takes a special person to be a winner on a losing team. Right now it couldn't be me. I have fears between starts. I just can't imagine myself going 20-10."

Bonham admires what Steve Carlton

did for Philadelphia in 1972, when he won 27 games for a last-place team, and Randy Jones did last season, when he went 20-12 for fourth-place San Diego. None of the 16 men who have taken the mound for Chicago this season have given a hint they might do the same. Manager Jim Marshall has called on 12 of the 16 to step into the rotation on various occasions, including two relievers who had never started before. Marshall has been forced to use as many as six pitchers in games, 16 times he has needed to deploy three of them in a single inning. "All I expect from a starter is seven strong innings," says Marshall, who usually gets less.

There are good reasons for Chicago's pitching problems, the most obvious being a lack of talent, though none of the staff members is ready to accept that explanation. "Bonham, Rick Reuschel and Burris are all potential 20-game winners," says Pitching Coach Mary Grissom. Reliever Darold Knowles, the former Oakland World Series hero, says, "We don't have a Cutfish Hunter, but we have guys who can become a Cutfish. The criticism is grossly overdone."

No less exaggerated is the team ERA of 4.63, which, if it does not improve, will be the worst in the National League in 14 seasons. Steve Stone insists that earned run averages are an "invalid measurement of performance. With those short fences and the wind blowing out, anyone's ERA would be high in Wrigley Field."

Another pitcher says it is no coincidence that the Cubs have had only eight winning teams in the 31 years since their last pennant. "It's those Wrigley day games," he says. "We need supermen to win with all that summer heat, humidity and constant adjustment from night games on the road to day games at home. Chicago didn't blow the pennant in 1969—it wore out."

As long as Philip K. Wrigley is alive there will never be lights above the ivy-covered walls of his park, but Marshall thinks he has found a way to take some strain off his pitchers by changing from a four-man to a five-man rotation. "It's going to be good for me," says Burris. "I lose 15 pounds on a hot day. The extra rest will help me get my strength back. I'll be better."

Better. Things are always going to get better. But they never really do. In the off-season the Cubs got Mike Garmon



MARSHALL AND A DISCONSOLATE RENKO

from St. Louis to bolster the bullpen, Garman is 2-4 with a 5.37 ERA. Early this year Joe Coleman was obtained on waivers from Detroit to aid the starters, but now he is in the bullpen. One of his few starts was cataclysmic: 11 runs and 10 hits in 2½ innings. Amazingly, none of Chicago's deals has fulfilled the most obvious need facing the Cubs: a left-hander. Knowles is the only one on the staff.

The Dodgers did not have any trouble last week against an array of Cub righthanders. Rick Reuschel began the second half of the season by hitting the first two batters he faced and allowing four opening-inning runs as Chicago lost 5-2. The next night Renko pitched well enough, but found another way to lose, his fielding error allowed the go-ahead run to score. When Stone's turn to start came the following evening, he allowed five runs in 3½ innings, and Chicago went down to a 5-4 defeat.

That was not all the bad news. In one of those games, 23-year-old rookie Re-

liever Bruce Sutter, whose 1.75 ERA had made him a healthy exception to the stiff malaise, finally succumbed. He allowed a homer, a walk and a triple in two-thirds of an inning. "Tonight was a lesson," he said. "You get a little cocky, and they knock you out. It reminds you that you're a rookie." And a Cub.

THE WEEK

July 11-17
by JIM KAPLAN

AL EAST As the least awe-inspiring of the majors' four division leaders, New York might have been expected to weaken after the All-Star break. Instead the Yankees led the big leagues with a 5-0 week, getting their usual quota of out-of-ho-head heroes. This week's unexpected feat came from reserve infielder Sandy Alomar, who has hit one homer per 380 at bats during his major league career. He belted one in the 10th inning to beat Texas 6-4. "I go

for the long ball in situations like that," he said. "I don't always succeed." Ed Figueroa won his 10th and 11th games. Catfish Hunter and Dock Ellis threw their 11th and Ken Holtzman his eighth as the Yankees increased their lead from 9½ to 12 games.

Baltimore (3-1) moved from fourth to second as Jim Palmer (page 28) registered his 12th victory. Wayne Garland hit his 11th and Reggie Jackson homered twice. "The second half of the season belongs to me," said Jackson, who already has 10 homers, 44 RBIs and 13 stolen bases, although a contract hassle kept him inactive for a month.

—Detroit (3-1) climbed from fifth to a tie for third, and Mark Fidrych atoned for his shakiness in the All-Star Game by beating Oakland 1-0 in 11 innings. At one point during the game Fidrych squatted on the mound waiting for a staffing Claudell Washington to step back into the batter's box. Fidrych's next pitch was inside, Washington advanced toward the mound and both benches emptied. A good deal of boisterous ensued, but it could not match the shouts of the 45,905 spectators who hoisterously refused to leave Tiger Stadium until The Bird returned to the field to take his usual post-game bow.

—Cleveland (2-2) Manager Frank Robinson continued

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moved Buddy Bell from third to first, started Larvell Blanks at third and Ron Pruitt as catcher and benched slumping First Baseman Boog Powell. Whereupon the Indians lost their fifth straight 5-2, to the Twins. With a more normal lineup the next night, Cleveland beat Minnesota 7-6. "We've got to do something," Robinson insisted, and he promptly demoted last season's ace, Dennis Eckenley (4-8), to the bullpen.

Boston (2-4) lost four of five games to Kansas City—three of them by 2-1 scores—and Captain Carl Yastrzemski publicly blamed his teammates. Taking the cue, Manager Durrell Johnson called a clubhouse meeting and benched 1975 Rookie of the Year and Most Valuable Player Fred Lynn.

Even a winning (3-2) week had its drawbacks for Milwaukee. When the White Sox hit Jim Slaton hard for two innings, Manager Alex Grammas had him change signs. Though Slaton's pitching improved, Grammas decided to yank him in the 10th inning, and Slaton settled on the bench as Ray Sadecki gave up a game-winning homer to Pat Kelly. "I feel like tearing up my room," Slaton said.

NY 64-31 BAL 42-43 DET 40-42
CLEV 40-42 BOST 41-44 MIL 35-45

AL WEST There is a race in this division—for second place. Texas (9-6) managed to erase one by extending its losing streak to 10. The most lonesome Rangers were Toby Harrah, whose average has dropped from .300 to .265 in three weeks, and Jeff Burroughs, who had just two RBIs in the last 11 games. Oakland (2-2) moved to just .001 behind Texas when Mike Norris and Rollie Fingers shut out the Tigers 3-0 on four hits. Earlier the A's had blown a chance to move into second when they lost two games to Detroit while allowing only one earned run. Bill North caused their most embarrassing defeat, allowing a line drive to hit him in the chest.

Rod Carew of Minnesota (1-3) predicted he would win his fifth straight batting title despite George Brett's 40-point lead. Then Carew had one hit in a three-game series with Cleveland and fell further back. Brett appears unbeatable anyway. He went three-for-four against Boston—the 22nd time this season he has had three or more hits—as Kansas City posted a 4-2 week.

Chicago (2-1) and California (1-3) sought other ways to entertain. The White Sox managed to pass 500,000 in attendance at their 33rd home date by staging a Greek-American Night featuring Alex Karris and 13 belly dancers. The evening's festivities concluded with Bart Johnson and Dave Hamilton combining to beat Milwaukee 5-2. As the Angels kept slipping, Andy Etchebarren created a "Kahlofina Kangaroo Kourt" similar to the one that sat in Baltimore when he played with the Orioles. One important difference: such

"fetionies" as poor base running and feeble swings will result in fines of only \$1 (the Orioles charged \$5). The Kouri meets after wins—which may mean it will not meet often.

KC 55-32 TEX 44-42 OAK 45-43
MINN 40-48 CH 39-48 CAL 38-54

NL EAST New York (1-3) was doing two things it cannot afford to do: lose close games and get bad relief pitching. Benen 4-3 and 1-0 by the Astros, the Mets also dropped a 9-8 decision to Atlanta when all three of New York's stoppers—Jon Matlack, Jerry Koosman and Tom Seaver—pitched in the same game for the first time. However, it was Reliever Bob Apodaca who gave up the deciding hit, a three-run double to Willie Montanez.

Their penant hopes all but crushed, Met fans turned their attention to slugger Dave (Kong) Kingman, who homered for the 31st time in a 3-1 win over Houston. Kingman was torn between his distaste for discussing home run records and his obligations to Shea Stadium crowds. "Why don't I want to talk about home runs?" he asked. "Because the more I talk about them, the more I think about them." But thinking of Shea, where he has homered only 11 times this year, Kingman said, "Maybe I'll hit more at home the second half of the season. The fans here have big expectations."

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GEORGE FOSTER: The Reds' outfielder was named the Most Valuable Player in the All-Star Game after he led the National League to its fifth straight victory. Foster had three RBIs and a long homer in the 7-1 win

Philadelphia (2-2) Pitcher Jim Kaat stopped San Diego (3-0) in 1.36 and lost 1-0 to San Francisco in 1.32, the shortest game of the year. Kaat and his teammates were only too happy to leave cold, windy Candlestick Park, where they had dropped two of three games to the Giants. "If I had to play here," said Greg Luzinski, who was two-for-11 in San Francisco, "I'd go bananas."

Pittsburgh (3-1) outscored its opponents 30-18, and even slumping (.259 for the season) Rennie Stennett got into the act, doubling home the deciding run in an 8-5 win over Cincinnati. The Pirates were streaking even in defeat. Frank Taveras stole his 24th consecutive base in a 10-2 loss to Atlanta.

After Mike Anderson of St. Louis (3-1) had three hits and scored three runs in a victory over Padre Randy Jones, Cardinal Trainer Gene Giesemann had the hotel bellhop wake him at 9 a.m. and present him with 10 copies of a laudatory newspaper article.

Attempting to catch winless Chicago, Montreal (1-3) celebrated when Woodie Fryman beat the Reds for the first time since Aug. 8, 1975. Unfortunately for the Expos what Fryman won was a cow-milking contest, not a baseball game.

PHIL 57-27 PIT 46-38 NY 47-44
ST. L 39-48 CH 38-51 MONT 28-44

NL WEST When unbeaten Rick Rhoden gave up four runs in the first inning, Los Angeles (4-0) Manager Walter Alton put off plans to celebrate his 2,000th career victory. Then Rhoden took charge, shutting out Chicago the rest of the way, singling home the tying and go-ahead runs and picking up his ninth victory. With a 2,000-1,384 record over 23 seasons, Alton now is the sixth-ranked manager in wins and eighth-ranked in winning percentage (.557). "I'd trade about 1,000 of those victories for 60 more this year," he said. "That would give us about 110, and that would be enough."

The Dodgers were not doing badly, though, having erpt to within five games of slding (2-2) Cincinnati in baseball's only bonus side division race. One reason was Pitcher Don Sutton, who beat the Cubs 4-1 for his 10th victory of the year to move into a fourth place tie with Sandy Koufax for career wins (165) as a Dodger.

Houston moved into third by taking three of four games. Rookie Joaquin Andujar earned his fourth shutout, beating New York's Tom Seaver 1-0 on a Cesar Cedeno home run. Earlier Bob Watson's three-run shot had bested Jon Matlack 4-3. "Seaver, Matlack and the other Mets have good control," said Watson. "That's the kind of pitcher I prefer to bat against."

San Diego (0-4) could not hit anyone: the Padres had scored 15 runs in the last 11 games and lost 18 of their last 25. Suffering a rare loss was Randy Jones, who had thrown just three innings (in the All-Star Game) over an eight-day stretch. "I just couldn't get into the groove today," he said after losing 4-2 to the Cardinals.

Ed Halick of San Francisco (3-1) had similar problems, but much different results. Halick shut out Chicago 2-0 on two hits and Philadelphia 1-0 on six, then explained. "When I was warming up for those games, I didn't feel my control was sharp. But once I got on the mound my slider, my sinking fastball and my control were great. On days when I've felt good before a game, I've gotten belted early."

After settling his contractual difficulties with Atlanta (2-2) Owner Ted Turner, Willie Montanez had six RBIs in one game and hit .412 for the week.

CIN 55-34 LA 50-38 HOU 44-45
SD 43-47 ATL 41-47 RF 37-63

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Until February Erwin Boy was the sort of horse a frustrated trainer would gladly put a cart before. Running over dirt courses in claiming and modest allowance races, the 5-year-old had lost 16 of 21 starts. Today he is the finest turf horse in the East—and could be the best in the U.S. He has been entered in six grass races and has won them all, going around turf courses as naturally as hoops around a barrel. His last three victories—in the Edgemere, Bowling Green and Tidal Handicaps at Belmont Park and Aqueduct—were worth \$98,250. "I wish I could tell you why he likes the grass so much," says his trainer, Jim Conway. "But, truthfully, I just don't know."

In California every time Jockey Fernando Toro gets up on a turf horse, the odds go down. At Hollywood Park, which is supposed to "belong" to three jockeys—Willie Shoemaker, Laffit Pincay Jr. and Sandy Hawley—the 35-year-old Toro is king of the turf. On it he has had 37 victories compared to 24 for Pincay, 23 for Shoemaker and 22 for Hawley. Charlie Whittingham, the trainer who has earned \$9,707,874 in California purses during the last five years, says, "Toro seems to be able to outmaneuver everybody on grass. He knows where to be at the right time. I really don't know what he does, but he wins."

In 1958 there were only three U.S. races worth \$100,000 contested on grass. This year some 20 will have six-figure purses and at least 100 others will range in value from \$20,000 to \$75,000. Turf racing is flowering. On that count, at least, grass racing is understandable. Esthetically, it is a marvelous spectacle, with horses and their brilliantly clad riders competing on a lush ribbon of green instead of running on what looks like an unfinished stretch of interstate highway. Grass racing also prompts consistently close competition. But why that should be so is yet another enigma. Tommy Trotter, the handicapper and Racing Secretary at the New York tracks, recently tried to explain "It could be," he said, "that the jockeys like to wait until the final quarter of a mile on the grass before making their moves and so come thundering to the finish in a pack. Horsemen love the turf because few horses get hurt on it, so the fields are large. Honestly, though, turf racing still baffles me."

Stay off their turf

YOU MAY AS WELL, BECAUSE IF THERE'S
A GIMMICK ON GRASS, NO ONE'S TALKING

Turf racing is as old as the thoroughbred sport in the U.S., dating to 1665, when the races at Hempstead Plains, N.Y. (near today's Belmont) were run over a grass track. The novelty then would have been a dirt track. That came later, a design especially to suit the dry weather and heavy use of courses in America. But it was not until 1953 that an official U.S. grass champion was named (Iceberg II). Even then, turf racing was barely competitive—the 1956 champion, Career Boy, won exactly one race on the lawn.

Turf racing's recent history, however, is remarkable. Johnny Longden rode the last winner of his fabled career on grass. The final two races of Secretariat's racing life were on turf. Round Table was able to earn \$1,749,869 because he thrived on grass, winning 15 of 18 starts, but five-time Horse of the Year Kelso struggled on sod and won only one of his five major turf races.

The fan is usually as much at a loss as horsemen in trying to figure out grass racing. If a better pays \$1 for the Racing Form in New York, he can get the lifetime turf record of each of that day's entrants, but in the Chicago and California editions of the newspaper the records never appear. Naturally there is a lot of information floating around for free, which is about the right price. Nearly every idea anyone has about what makes a good grass racer or grass rider can be quickly shot down. MacKenzie Miller, the trainer of three of the last 10 grass champions, is a master at destroying turf myths. "People will tell you that the size of a horse's shoe has something to do with its success," says Miller. "That's

poppycock! The first time a horse runs on grass nobody knows what he will do. But if he runs well the first time he will probably continue to do so. What it all comes down to is that some horses like it and others don't." For many horses who cannot win on dirt, grass becomes the course of last resort. It works for some but not all.

Trainer Elliott Burch, whose Run the Gantlet was the top grass horse in 1971, explains that the colt was put there because he didn't like dirt. "Every time I sent him out to race on the dirt I could hear him swearing at me," Burch says.

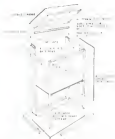
Last Saturday the \$170,500 Sheepshead Bay Handicap at Aqueduct drew a cumbersome field of 14 and so had to be split. MacKenzie Miller won one division with Fleet Victriss and Elliott Burch won the other with Glowing Tribute. Erwin Boy is taking the summer off and won't race again until fall, probably starting in the Man o' War at Belmont in October.

Meanwhile, in the West, Toro continues to bring home his steady stream of winners, each success heightening the intrigue of grass racing. It doesn't seem to matter if the animal he rides is legally bred or eligible for a Hartz 2 in 1 collar in his 143 races this year, he has earned a share of the purse a staggering 70% of the time, and in the 16 grass stakes run at Hollywood he has won five and been out of the money only four times. Does Toro have a secret? "On grass, horses accelerate faster," he says. "You have to get a horse into position earlier, but everyone knows that." Sandy Hawley says, "Fernando has confidence on the grass. He knows what he is doing; he saves an awful lot of ground."

Toro began his career in Chile, where half the races are on grass. So he may indeed have grown up learning the answer to a complicated form of racing still—after 300 years—baffling to U.S. horsemen. But like almost everything else about turf racing, even that theory falls apart: the original darling of grass racing was Jockey Melchoro Gusmanes (the current rider of Forego), who learned his trade in Panama, where there are no turf courses.

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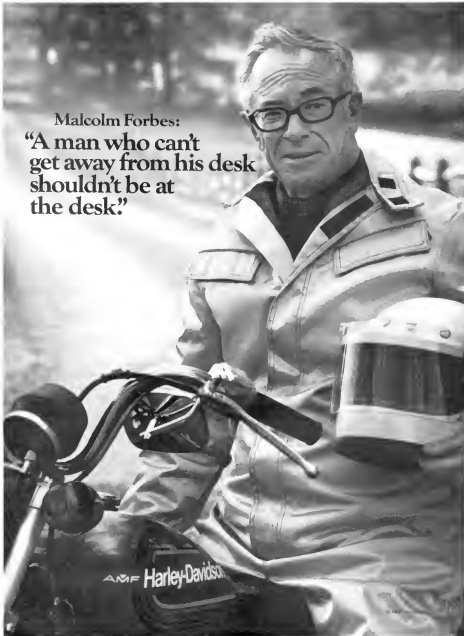
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Q. Some people say they simply cannot get away.

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Q. Why?

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Q. What do you advise for us who don't work at FORBES?

A. Make it happen on your own. Recognize that recreation is necessary and useful. Look at it this way: Work is earning a living—recreation is the living you've earned. One who never learns to enjoy recreation is living very little.

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Fighting the Dollar Spot

THE HALL OF FAME HAD FADED, AND ITS CREATOR, JIMMY VAN ALLEN, WAS NOT FEELING VERY FLUSH, SO HE SENT OVER TO FRANCE FOR SOME GOLDEN OLDIES TO ENSHINE

Upon entering the Tennis Hall of Fame in Newport, R.I., your eyes meet a photograph of James H. Van Allen, president of the Hall. The picture is askew and, in addition, doesn't quite fill the frame. As Van Allen would view it, the photo is straight but the building is crooked, and that extra space between the picture and frame is symbolic of a life that often has been filled with odd gaps and quixotic ventures. For as the rest of the world marches to one drum, Jimmy waddles to another.

That there is a Tennis Hall of Fame at all is proof of Van Allen's determination. When he decides something is needed by the people of this country, we're likely to get it whether we want it or not. Which partially explains why the Hall opened 22 years ago to tremendous indifference and has drifted rather steadily downhill since. The 13 grass courts on the grounds—the only public grass courts in the country—routinely come down with a fungus called Dollar Spot. Only

Jimmy's ever-open checkbook and his willingness to scratch in numbers followed by plenty of zeroes have kept the Hall from suffering a similar fate and from going the way of the WFL, the ABA and finger bowls.

It's not that Jimmy, 73, just likes to hang around tennis players. On the contrary, he reflects fondly on the days "when you could have players over for dinner and didn't have to count the spoons when they left the table. You know, they dressed and they washed."

In any event, the Hall has given Jimmy—who has a lot of the Astors and a few Vanderbilts in his lineage—something fun to do for a quarter of a century. At 15, his father said, "James, you'll never have to work to make money." But the old man left the clear impression he wanted James to do something to while away his time on earth. You tell the men from the boys by the size of their toys, and this Hall of Fame toy has cost Van Allen, he figures, about \$250,000. He now

unists that he has hidden his checkbook and capped his pen: "I guess part of the trouble with this place is everyone felt that when things got really tight, I would bail it out. Well, they were right." Yet, there is a growing concern that in the unlikely event that Jimmy Van Allen should ever die, the Newport Casino, this splendid architectural pearl built in 1880 as a playground for the elite, might go under the blade of a bulldozer (Van Allen rescued it from a similar prospect in the early '50s).

Last week the Tennis Hall of Fame gath-

ered itself together, looked as proud as it could what with its faded elegance and financial woes, and saw potential for happier days. This was because of the warm feeling surrounding the induction into the Hall of its first thoroughly foreign enshrinees, France's famed Four Musketeers—Lacoste, Cochet, Borotra and Brugnon—who ruled the tennis world from the mid-1920s into the early 1930s. The Frenchmen showed up bowed by the years but with unbending recollections of the many times they thrashed U.S. players (mainly Bill Tilden). Among them they won or shared more than 50 major titles; they held the Davis Cup for six straight years, defeating the U.S. five times.

René Lacoste, who was the first foreigner to win Forest Hills twice (1926 and 1927) and who was known for his stoicism, has not changed his demeanor at 71. Says he, "It's always a mistake to show what you feel." But he was undeniably pleased with the celebration, this man who didn't pick up a tennis racket until he was 16 and put it down at 25 because of lung trouble. In that span he won two singles and one doubles titles at Wimbledon and three French singles and doubles titles. Since then, he has won at almost every business venture he has attempted—automotive parts, nickel, crocodile sport shirts, airplane parts, metal rackets. Why so lucky? "I work hard. I had no natural ability."

Henri Cochet, now 74, was the opposite, with a full load of natural talent but a hatred for practice; the brilliant master of the half-volley. Tilden once said in frustration, "Cochet plays a game I don't know." Indeed, Cochet, who won at Forest Hills in 1928, is rated the game's best player after Tilden by tennis historian Allison Danzig. Danzig says he has given consideration to whether America's Don Budge should be second "but I think not." So Budge remains third in Danzig's view, Lacoste fourth. Cochet's greatest moment came in 1927 at Wimbledon against Tilden. He was behind 2-0 in sets, 5-1 in games. At which time, Cochet recalls, "I made 17 points in a row, so I decided perhaps I should fight." He did, winning the match.

The third Musketeer, Jean Borotra, 77, never won Forest Hills but the Bounding Basque had a swashbuckling way about him—always running late, kissing the ladies' hands and driving Tilden to distraction. "I had no serve at all," Bo-

continued



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OSLO	 Hotel Scandinavia
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PHILIPPINES

MANILA	 Philippine Plaza (Sept. 1976)
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TENNES continued

rotta says, "but how I loved to play." Fred Perry used to say Borotra "was always prepared to kill himself for France." The fourth, Jacques (Totot) Brugnon, 81, was poor at singles but a wizard at doubles, no matter who his partner might be. He won Wimbledon four times.

Although it is good practice to take everything Jimmy Van Alen says and divide by two, his assessment of the Four Musketeers (whom he kept calling the Four Horsemen) was empty of hyperbole. "There is no reason to think of hope we'll ever have four such great players together on one team ever again." Everyone hoisted a glass of American wine, and Cochet was asked if he felt that he was better than Jimmy Connors. "Why not?" he said.

Thus was perhaps the Hall's finest hour, simply because the presence of these titans, unknown to several generations of Americans, was living proof that pages out of the past should not be crumpled but put under glass. Bob Day, the Hall's executive director, says, "This place is now on the edge of greatness."

Also inducted into the Hall was American Dick Savitt, who won Wimbledon in 1951 by making up for his slowness afoot with a big serve and textbook ground strokes, and the late Mabel Cahill, the U.S. Women's Singles champ in 1891 and 1892. Savitt was at Newport, hanging around in the shadows of the hoopla surrounding the Frenchmen. But at that he fared better than Cahill, whose name wasn't even read off. Ninety-one people have been enshrined.

If the appearance of the Four Musketeers was a symbolic and nostalgic boost, there was some hard-nosed business, too. Bob Briner, a member of the Hall's board and executive director of the Association of Tennis Professionals, insisted that the pros are anxious to do things to help the Hall, including giving clinics and exhibitions. Briner parted with a few ATP dollars. Why have the professionals been uncooperative in the past? "Nobody has asked us," said Briner. Hall of Fame officials say they asked but that nobody answered.

Additionally, a move is under way for another group dedicated to promoting the sport, The National Tennis Foundation, to merge with the Hall this fall, possibly enlarging its board and getting a full-scale fund-raising operation launched. The Hall started a \$1.7 million campaign two years ago but has man-

aged to collect only about \$250,000, this year, depending on contributions, the Hall could operate in the red by as little as \$36,000.

The museum section of the Hall is undeveloped and last year had only 5,000 visitors. If it were in New York, which it should never be, that many people would drop in simply by mistake. Still, the museum is growing. William Clay Ford gave \$50,000 to establish two intercollegiate rooms, partly because he remembers with fondness his days at Yale. There was also a substantial contribution by the Davis family for the Davis Cup room, to be dedicated later this month. The U.S. Tennis Association has stayed away from much involvement in the Hall, feeling that it is Jimmy Van Alen's fiefdom.

For Van Alen the Hall of Fame is important, but for 20 years his main squeeze, the cornerstone of his life, has been VASSS—the Van Alen Simplified Scoring System. Basically, instead of scoring tennis love-15-30-40-game ("Any game in which love is nothing is cockeyed," he says), VASSS has it 0-1-2-3-4, and a player can win a game by only one point instead of the conventional two. In the event a set is tied at 5-5 or 6-6, a nine-point tie breaker is played. Major tournaments have used the tie-breaker concept, including Forest Hills and World Team Tennis, and little credit is given to Jimmy—which frosts him good. The VASSS scoring (it often is called half-VASSS by critics) speeds up matches and makes their duration fairly constant, which makes scheduling much easier.

Van Alen's main defeat was his attempt to breed the English robin in this country because of its sweet voice. He spent \$20,000 over three years but "the damn things kept turning their toes up." He thinks part of the problem was the climate; the other was that it was impossible to tell the male from the female (he gave them to friends as pairs to be mated) until a worm was passed between them, male to female. "I just didn't have enough time to sit around waiting for worms to be passed," he says.

Television commentator and writer Bud Collins once quoted a player as saying that Jimmy should "borrow the Liberty Bell, because it and Jim my would make a great couple—they're both cracked." A Van Alen friend suggests, "It's better to be a character than not to have any." Jimmy is, and has. **END**

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When Paul Newman went searching for an authentically shabby setting for his 1972 film *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*, he settled on Bridgeport, Conn. As producer and director of the saga of an up-tight mother in a rundown town, he went even further—too far, in fact—in defending the artistic merit of his selection. "Bridgeport," Newman is supposed to have said, "is the armpit of Connecticut."

"Oh yeah," says Leonard Meyers, a proud resident of the area who has waited these four long years for a snappy comeback. "Oh yeah," he repeats, grandly gesturing at the busy activity around him, "well, this is our Right Guard."

Meyers has every reason to get in his retaliatory digs. The revitalizing agent he refers to is the city's new \$16 million jai alai fronton, of which he is vice-president. The pari-mutuel gamble so far has proved a very real safeguard against the further economic decline of the old industrial sprawl on Long Island Sound. And the scene that Meyers sweepingly of-

The pelota bounces up north

FRONTON COUNTRY DID MEAN FLORIDA, BUT NOW CONNECTICUT IS INTO THE ACT

fers as proof is the crowd besieging the box office while an attendant announces through a bull horn that, although the fronton's 5,539 reserved seats are sold out, there is still ample general admission available.

That is right, jai alai, the high-speed, three-wall Basque game that has here-

tofore flourished in the U.S. only within the penitentiaries of Florida, has ricocheted all the way to Connecticut. And like the pelota itself—the compressed rubber ball that is covered with goatskin and propelled at speeds in excess of 150 mph—the sport promises to rebound every which way in the interest of generating tax revenues. A number of states have introduced legislation to legalize gambling on jai alai and are watching to see how the Connecticut venture fares. The Bridgeport fronton, which opened on June 1, and another in Hartford that made its debut two weeks earlier, already indicate an answer smotheringly well, thank you.

Last Friday night, in fact, rum did not deter 8,192 enthusiasts from turning out to wager \$486,366, a record handle in the state, which has only let its citizens gamble recently. Some of the high rollers were undoubtedly inspired by the good fortune of Rudy Penn, a Lincoln-Mercury dealer from Rye, N.Y., who two nights earlier bet on the license numbers of a new car he was delivering 574WWW—"I figured the Ws meant win, win, win," he said—and won a \$3 trifecta worth \$9,277.50, another record.

Like Penn, fully 30% or more of the bettors invading Bridgeport are from across the New York state line. Taking note, fronton P.R. man Bob Beslove was moved to make light of yet another slur on his hometown, which for abuse has traditionally ranked just a snigger behind Philadelphia. Recalling George M. Cohan's line, "When you leave New York everything looks like Bridgeport," Beslove gleefully says, "Now Bridgeport looks like New York."

The Penn payoff, which appeared in newspapers all the way back to New York City, 50 miles away, made everybody at the fronton happy. Most of the publicity received in pre-opening days had been bad Very bad.

Despite the usual pretentious warnings about the "unsavory element" that would be attracted by gambling, the Connecticut legislature authorized pari-mutuel betting in the hope of raising revenue to alleviate the state's fiscal plight. On March 29, 1974, the Gaming Commission granted a license to Connecticut Sports Enterprises, Inc., a group of investors headed by a Floridian named David Friend, and including the NFL's



IN THE \$5 RESERVED SECTION, CUSTOMERS CAN PLACE THEIR BETS WITH ROVING EMPLOYEES

Larry Csonka, to operate a jai alai fronton in Bridgeport.

Shortly thereafter, aware that the slightest taint would jeopardize bringing gambling to the Nutmeg State—off-track betting parlors, flat, harness and dog-racing tracks as well as two other frontons were under consideration—the commission learned that the major money in the Friend deal was to come from a Teamsters' union pension fund, whose overseers are reputed to have strong underworld ties. The commission became a little more leery when state police ascertained that Lidizno Rencuzzi, a Fairfield, Conn. builder and vice-president of the Friend group, was meeting with known underworld figures.

Three investigators were sent south to look further into Friend, a druggist, jai alai buff and banker from Hollywood, Fla. They turned up far more than they had bargained for. One evening, after a day of pursuing dead ends, the trio went to supper at a Hollywood restaurant that is an alleged hangout for organized crime figures. Friend was not only there, he joined them. "He seemed to want to impress us," recalls an investigator. And he did. Though Friend had apparently been drinking, there was no accounting, then or now, for the story he told—that he had "bought" his jai alai license and the influence of John Bailey, the former Democratic National Committee Chairman under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, for more than \$200,000. Rambling on, Friend not only implicated Bailey, who had served as the longtime head of the Connecticut Democratic Party, but Murray Chotiner, the former chief political strategist for Richard Nixon. The problem with this revelation, if that is what it was, was that both men had died only months earlier.

When Friend stuck to his story at a closed-door session of the State Gaming Commission last October, a hearing for revocation of his license was scheduled for the following month and the names of principals involved in 17 typewritten pages of allegations were made public. At the hearing John Sullivan, the former state tax commissioner, testified that he had taken \$5,000 from Friend for doing "missionary work" that is, introducing him to John Bailey about a month before the jai alai license was granted.

Further testimony revealed that a few

days after being issued the license, Friend raised more than \$200,000 in cash from his stockholders for an "emergency" and flew to Hartford where he displayed it on a hotel-room bed for the benefit of Frank Manafort Jr., who was in charge of the demolition on the fronton site. "It was a lot of money," Manafort testified, "all \$100s and \$50s and \$20s, and it covered the bed." Saying that he knew the money was a "gift to somebody," he related that the next day he drove Friend to Bailey's office. Bailey, however, was in Florida at the time playing in a golf tournament, and Friend, according to one version, put the money in a safe deposit box to await a later meeting. No trace of the cash has since been found.

In other testimony Manafort said that, at Friend's suggestion, he had inflated by \$932,000 a \$242,000 demolition bill to be submitted to the Teamsters' union fund. The fronton architect also admitted padding his bills by \$200,000 at the insistence of Friend.

Pleading the Fifth Amendment at both the commission and subsequent grand jury hearings, Friend was cited for contempt and charged with perjury and larceny. Both cases are pending. The late John Bailey's name was cleared by the commission and the grand jury. And Connecticut Sports Enterprises' license was revoked.

"So there we sat with a beautiful new fronton and no one to operate it," recalls Paul Silvergleid, the chairman of the Gaming Commission. Negotiations with the Rooney family, owners of the Pittsburgh Steelers as well as harness and dog-racing tracks, fell through. And just then, in one of those fortuitous strokes by which such deals are made, along came A. Robert Zeff, a wealthy Detroit lawyer who was "looking for a tax shelter." Somebody mentioned the Bridgeport situation to him, and though the fronton was more an empty barn than a cozy tax shelter, Zeff met with Friend in a VIP lounge at New York's LaGuardia Airport and asked how much? "I remember thinking," he says, "Heck, for \$16 million you can buy stadiums and whole franchises." But I liked the figures and I loved the game and decided to go ahead." After an extensive investigation, the state granted Zeff a license on April 7.

So far, the alignment is working well. The fronton offers a generally commo-



A BOUNCING BASQUE GOES UP FOR A RETURN

dious and pleasant atmosphere in which to lose one's money. The game is colorful and fast enough for fans who understand more about the intricacies of pure-mutual betting than any subtleties on the playing court. The 40 players who work the games are almost all Basques (there is a handful of Americans), and many of them were stars on the Florida circuit until an abortive strike in 1968, after which, says their manager-matchmaker, they were "blacklisted" and had to go back to Spain to play. One night last week some of the younger players from the Hartford fronton came down to take a look at the Bridgeport operation, the way a promising crop of rookies in any sport might spend their time off watching the old pros.

Cut it any way you like—quinella, perfecta or inficta—gray Bridgeport looks a lot greener to Mayor John Mandanici. Presiding at the fronton's ribbon-cutting ceremony, he put it bluntly. "Welcome to the tax rolls of Bridgeport." In a city of 17% unemployment, the addition of 500 jobs and an increase of \$1 million in tax revenues, "constitutes a whole new industry," according to Mandanici.

As for Lenny Meyers, he was thinking of another Bridgeport mayor last week. P. T. Barnum, who presided over the town from 1875 to 1876. Looking out at a near-capacity crowd, he beamed, "Old P.T. would be proud."

She's still Wonder Woman

JOAN JOYCE IS SLOWING DOWN—HER PITCHING SPEED HAS FALLEN TO 90 MPH—BUT SHE REMAINS A WHIZ AND STAR OF THE PRO WOMEN'S SOFTBALL LEAGUE



By now just about every sports fan has heard of Randy Jones, the celebrated San Diego Padre sinkerball pitcher who had won 16 games by the All-Star break. His alma mater, Chapman College in Orange, Calif., is justly proud of him and his pitches that drop at home plate as if controlled by laser beams. But there is another pro pitcher out of Chapman who not only had 21 wins two weeks before an All-Star break but can make the ball drop, rise, turn left, turn right and quite possibly do the hustle on its journey to the plate. Her name is Joan Joyce and she is the premier pitcher, hitter, manager and owner of the Connecticut Falcons in the International Women's Professional Softball Association, a league she helped found along with Billie Jean King and Dennis Murphy, a founder of

the American Basketball Association, World Hockey Association and World Team Tennis. Joyce is more than The Franchise, she is The League.

In its first season, the 10-team WPS, as the association calls itself, is struggling along in near-anonymity. With half of the 120-game season completed Joyce's Falcons, who play home games in Meriden, are 15½ games ahead in the Eastern Division, followed by the Buffalo Breesas, Pennsylvania Liberties (Reading), Chicago Ravens and Michigan Travelers (East Detroit). In the Western Division the San Jose Sunbirds hold an 11-game lead. The competition consists of the Santa Ana (Calif.) Lionettes, San Diego Sandpipers, Phoenix Phoenixbird and Southern California Gems (San Bernardino).

Despite the fact that attendance has been averaging less than 1,400, which is about the number of autographs Randy Jones signs every time he pitches, WPS owners do have a few things going for them. Expenses have been held down by negotiating contracts for small, established ball parks. There is a ceiling on salaries (except for Joyce's). And, of course, there is Joyce herself. Last week she went West with her team to play San Jose for the first time and the games—back-to-back doubleheaders—drew more than 6,500 fans. The interest was understandable because the games probably previewed the WPS Championship Series to be held in September.

Although the league is new, there is a familiar look to it for devotees of women's softball. Connecticut's stars, including Joyce, come mostly from the Raybestos Brakettes of Stratford, Conn., a team that won 12 Amateur Association championships in 18 seasons and eight of the last 10. San Jose's best pros were drawn mostly from the Santa Clara Laurels. The San Jose and Connecticut teams have placed 13 players on the squads for the WPS All-Star Game, scheduled for July 28 in San Jose.

The Sunbirds' home is Municipal Stadium, which they share with the Class A San Jose Bees. The Sunbirds and the city spent \$60,000 to install an artificial-grass infield that can be shifted back and forth to accommodate both baseball and women's softball.

WPS has a rule that a pitcher cannot appear in consecutive games—otherwise Connecticut might never lose. Joyce has thrown 110 no-hitters and 35 perfect games in her 18-year career. Thanks to the rule, the Sunbirds and Falcons split the doubleheaders, Joyce winning both games she pitched, San Jose taking the other two.

The victories improved Joyce's record to 21-1 (the loss came on an unearned run) and ran her win streak to 12. She departed San Jose with more season strikeouts (279) than the entire Sunbird staff and has 17 shutouts.

Joyce, now 35, can perform Wonder Woman feats at bat, too. She has a .325 average, fifth best in the league. The story is told that, during a game against the Michigan Travelers in Meriden, she was being interviewed in the press box when she looked at the scoreboard and said, "Gee, is it the seventh already? We need a run." She went down to the field, put herself in to pinch-hit and smacked the first pitch for a homer.

The Sunbirds had a couple of classy pitchers of their own to show off during the series—fastballer Charlotte Graham (14-5, 0.93 ERA) and junk specialist Bonnie Johnson (13-4, 0.57 ERA). Graham, 29, throws with a violent motion. Her right knee bangs into the dirt with such impact that she is forced to wear a pad on it, and her left heel comes to a jarring stop in a deep hole she always carves in the mound. In women's softball the rubber is only 40 feet from the plate, and Graham takes such a long stride that it must seem to the batter that she is about to deliver an uppercut rather than the grapefruit-colored WPS softball.

Graham opened the series against the Falcons' Kathy Neal and allowed only two infield hits and a walk in a 2-0 victory. Even so, Graham said, "Connecticut looks like a team of giants. They're so big and powerful that you have to pitch a different game. I went to an awful lot of off-speeds to try to keep them off balance. There are nights you can't do that; a lot depends on the umpire. Some won't call a rise ball a strike no matter what. Tonight he was all right, probably because

of Joan Joyce; the rise is her best strike-out pitch."

Johnson, 30, office manager at a T shirt company, has a sinkerball, or drop, that is very likely the second best in the WPS (Joyce's, of course, rates No. 1). Early in the season she had won a wild game against Southern California and the fabled Rosie Black, a stunning blonde pitcher who became fabled (on softball diamonds, anyway) while touring the country with a team called The Queen and Her Maids. Rosie gave up three hits in the marathon 20-inning contest and lost 1-0. Johnson scattered 17 hits but got the victory. Rosie has since quit WPS because Murphy, the Gems owner and league commissioner, fired the team manager, who happened to be Rosie's father. She has gone back to playing exhibitions.

Johnson had been much sharper the week before the Connecticut-San Jose confrontation. Playing in San Diego on a surface more suitable for a rock fight than a softball game, she forced the hap-

less competition to ground out once, fly out five times, strike out five times and pop up 10 times—a perfect game. As a reward, a San Jose car dealer gave her the use of a new Pontiac Sunbird for the rest of the year.

Johnson was pitted against Joyce in the second seven-inning game of the opening doubleheader and played her role as a junk dealer. "I can't blow it by the batters," she said. "My job is to get them to hit grounders or pop-ups. The team has to work hard when I pitch."

She did a creditable job, but Joyce was overpowering, even though her fastball, which was clocked at 118 mph in 1966, has slowed down to a mere 90 mph. Joyce struck out 14, gave up one run on four hits, collected a single herself and recorded victory No. 20.

It wasn't all that different the next night when Joyce faced Graham, except that the public-address system went blooey and a teen-age girl selling balloons took it upon herself to shout out the pre-game introductions for the Sunbirds.

With Joyce being routinely spectacular (she won 1-0, pitching a two-hitter and striking out nine), it was easy to overlook the other fine athletes on the field. Sunbird Centerfielder Diane Kalliam, leading the league in hits and stolen bases, went to bat 14 times in the four games, got on base eight times (seven walks, one hit) and stole two bases. Shortstop Mary Flint had seven hits in 11 at bats, got on base three more times via walks or errors and stole three bases.

But Joyce commands attention just the way Babe Ruth used to. "She is what bothers me about a world series against this team," said Sunbird General Manager John Bruno. "Seven games. That means Joyce pitches four times. We'll have to spike her Coke or something."

"She's a fantastic lady," said rival Graham. "She's my idol. I've watched her closely for 10 years. She's truly the best player women's softball has ever had. I hope to see this professional softball go over well enough for her to get the recognition she deserves."

END



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DEPT. OF OTTER CONFUSION

A sea otter is a sea otter is a sea otter—or is it? The fate of California's marine mammal—beloved by most by any name—hinges on just such perplexing questions

BY BIL GILBERT

CONTINUED





A sea otter, floating on its back, will take an abalone to its bosom and hammer out the edibles

The weasels (or more formally the *Mustelidae*) are a family of small-to-medium-sized carnivores which have done quite well for themselves in an evolutionary way. There are some 70 species in the family, members of which are, or were, found everywhere except in Australia, Madagascar and Antarctica. The animals have diversified marvelously and have adapted to fill a great variety of biological niches. Thus, among the North American weasels there are fishers and wolverines, big powerful hunters who forage in the deep-snow country. The marten is a treetop hunter, more agile than any squirrel. The badger has become a digger, something of a subterranean predator in the hot, dry prairies. The mink operates in marshland habitats, and the river otter developed webbed feet and other equipment that allow it to function as a semi-aquatic carnivore. Of all the North American weasels, perhaps the most specialized is the sea otter (*Enhydra lutris*). The largest of the clan (specimens have weighed as much as 100 pounds and been 5½ feet in length), the sea otter occupies the waters along the Pacific shore and is as much at home in the ocean—or as restricted to it—as a seal.

With rear feet which are virtually flippers, a long tapered body and other aquatic adaptations, the sea otter is a powerful and adept swimmer. At top speed it moves through the water at about 5.5 mph. Sea otters have been observed to travel more than 100 yards in a single dive, plunge to depths of 300 feet and submerge for up to four minutes.

Shellfish is the principal food of sea otters. Their strong, very manipulative forepaws, set with partly retractile claws, are well designed for dislodging and dragging shelled creatures out of the sand, rocky crevices and weeds. Their teeth are heavy and flattened for grinding and crushing. Unlike some other marine mammals, the otters do not have blubber to insulate them against the cold water and to serve as an energy storehouse. Instead, the otters have very efficient interior furnaces, a high metabolic rate—nearly five times as rapid as man's—which holds their body temperature at about 100°. To keep themselves stoked up, otters must feed abundantly and as frequently as five times a day. Each day an otter normally consumes about a quarter of its body weight. For an average-sized otter this works out to about 5,000 pounds of seafood platters a year.

The sea otter is one of the few animals with the knack of "tool use." Floating on its back, it will lay a rock on its chest, hold a shellfish in its forepaws and beat it against the rock until the edibles are exposed. The process may be reversed, a rock being used as a hammer to dislodge or split open a shell.

Being relatively long-lived (15-20 years), a dependable breeder (one pup is born every two years but mortality is low because of long and excellent maternal care) and having few natural enemies (in California only sharks), the otters prospered. In prehistoric times they ranged the Pacific coastal waters from Mexico to Alaska and the Aleutian chain, and from the Kurile Islands down to northern Japan and were from 150,000 to 300,000 in number. The otter presumably would have continued to thrive, but about 200

years ago it got caught up in the affairs of modern man.

One of the animal's adaptations to marine life is its coat, an immensely effective layer of deep, soft, insulating fur, composed of a very dense undercoat, three-quarters-of-an-inch thick when fluffed up, topped with longer, sparser guard hairs. (One zoologist has estimated that there are 800 million individual hairs in the pelt of a large adult otter.) While looting about, otters spend a lot of time grooming their fancy coats, not out of vanity but because if the hair is kept fluffed it retains air and is more buoyant and has better insulating properties. The coat is very roomy, hanging in loose folds. When a pelt is removed it may stretch out to eight feet, or about a third longer than the animal. One reason for this excess of material is that the otter can virtually turn around in its own skin, reaching all parts of it for grooming. Also the folds form a kind of loose pouch across the chest in which the otter can hold shells and rocks. Sea otters are able to remain in water indefinitely, so shedding takes place little by little and the pelt is always prime.

The chief failing of this marvelous coat so far as the otter is concerned is its beauty. The hairs are silvery at the base, becoming dark brown or black toward the tip. The overall effect is of shimmery, deep-piled, luxurious velvets. Ever since man first saw it, he has regarded the sea otter's coat as the finest of all furs. As it has been with other gorgeous natural creations—gemstones, bird plumes, spectacular scenery—so it has been with the otter's pelt. For man it has been only a short step from admiration to avarice—wanting to take the skin off the otter's back and drape it over his own.

Indians along the western coast of North America met the otter early and, predictably coveting the skin, hunted for it. By devious trade routes a few of the pelts reached Chinese markets and impressed buyers there. However, it was not until the mid-18th century, when Russian fur men probed into Aleutian and Alaskan waters, that the otter fur trade to China expanded and a few pelts began to reach Europe, stirring the fancy of the fashionable and the greed of the rapacious. Thereafter, obtaining skins of the otter and the northern fur seal (a more numerous and slightly less desirable furbearer) became a principal motive for the European exploration of the North Pacific. It was also the direct cause of a lot of international squabbles about who owned what land in consequence the fur resources in this vast territory. For these reasons, in short order the otter became all but extinct.

Between the mid-18th and early 20th centuries, Russian, American, British, Canadian, Japanese and any other entrepreneurs who could muscle into the territory are thought to have taken about a million otter skins. Many more animals were probably killed, since harvesting methods were wasteful. Then in 1911, in a classic after-the-horse-is-gone move, the marine powers got together and signed an international treaty barring further killing of sea otters on the high seas; in 1913, California and Alaska followed suit and passed laws protecting sea otters in their coastal waters. There were then probably about 2,000 otters remaining in

the world. The year before the treaty was signed, a single otter pelt offered on the London fur market fetched \$1,703.33.

Following the treaty of 1911 the sea otter entered into its second historic period. It became, along with such creatures as the whooping crane, California condor and black-footed ferret, one of the glamour species of the American conservation movement, the subject of environmental studies and sermons, the object of a lot of attention from public and private wildlife agencies. Eventually it got its very own organization, the Friends of the Sea Otter, perhaps the most ferocious of all single-species protectionist outfits. The animal stirs deep conservationist passions, and what to do about sea otters and who should do things for or to them is currently at the center of a considerable dispute involving

private, state and federal wildlife agencies. All in all, the sea otter, in addition to being an interesting creature in itself, is an animal that admirably illustrates a good many of the problems, paradoxes and political realities of the wildlife business in this country.

When the international hunt was stopped there were 11 scattered, isolated areas in which handfuls of otters survived. Three of these were located in what had been the southern part of the animal's range—off the coast of British Columbia, central California and northern Mexico. The treaty came too late to help most of these animals. The Baja California otters were believed to have vanished by 1919. Those in British Columbia waters disappeared in 1920. There is a curious if somewhat tangential story (perhaps no more than a rumor) about the last of the Mexican otters. In 1928 a shadowy fisherman-husler, apparently a kind of Bogart-type adventurer by the name of William Clover, showed up at the San Diego Zoo with two Guadalupe fur seals, a Baja species that until that moment was thought to have become extinct in 1894. Clover offered the seals for sale, and the zoo bought them but later claimed to have been cheated in the deal. Enraged, Clover boasted that he alone knew where the seals were located and he was going to make sure that thereafter they were indeed extinct. He went off on his mission of vengeance and later turned up in Panama (where he subsequently died in a saloon). There he sold 60 Guadalupe sealskins, presumably the last that would ever be seen. Clover also hinted that he had discovered a few sea otters in Baja waters and in his wrath had done in these animals as well. So far as the seals were concerned, Clover botched the job. A few turned up on Guadalupe Island in the 1950s and the species survives. However, whether or not Clover delivered the coup de grâce, no otters have since been seen in Mexican waters.

For more than a quarter of a century it was generally assumed that the central California otters had also disappeared. In fact, the California Department of Fish and Game knew the whereabouts of some animals, but maintained a discreet silence about them on the reasonable grounds that any information might attract another William Clover or worse. Then in 1938 the department made public an official census citing 310 sea otters.

Thereafter the survival of the California otters became a matter of considerable local, even national, concern and pride. Besides being rare, the otter was and remains a very attractive animal, attractive in ways most calculated to arouse anthropomorphic affection in humans. They are beautifully proportioned, lovely furry creatures, which usually wear a facial expression that one might take for a state of bemused happiness. They are social and play together in ways that seem familiar and appealing to humans. Otter pups stay close to their mothers for a long time, cling to them, cuddle against them as human infants ideally should. Like, for example, the koala bear, the sea otter appears to be a very lovable animal, and for 25 years or so after its official reappearance in California nearly everyone was the otter's friend. (Unlike the testy koala, the sea otter, though shy, is

continued



The sea otter can stay under water for as long as four minutes at a time

as friendly as he looks.) During this time the otters slowly but steadily increased their numbers and extended their range in both directions from its center in the area of the Monterey peninsula. The California Fish and Game Department now estimates that there are around 1,800 animals, give or take a couple of hundred, in the coastal waters stretching roughly from Santa Cruz in the north to Avila in the south. Of this number, 1,550 individual otters have actually been counted either from the air or from the ground. The higher official estimate is arrived at by adjusting for certain variable conditions.

As the otters prospered along the California coast they began to make enemies, or at least acquaintances, who were not enthusiastically pro otter. Coolness toward the otters developed among commercial shell fishermen who complained that because of the increase in otters, certain species of clams, crabs, scallops and especially abalones were declining. These creatures were those on which both the otters and fishermen preyed. At first the fishermen's complaints were dismissed as another example of bad, unregenerated exploiters resisting good, protectionist progress. However, the grumbling did not stop, and in time sports divers and fishermen joined commercial collectors in protesting the destructive effect of otters on the California shellfish population. Discontent was intensified in 1972 with the passage of the federal Marine Mammal Protection Act, which made it a federal offense to tamper with a variety of sea creatures, including otters, and thus reinforced the protected status that they already had under state law.

By and by because of new information turned in by fisheries biologists and presumably because of political realities, the California Fish and Game Department began paying more attention to the anti-otter complaints of crabbers, clammers and abalone hunters. All of which finally resulted in the state of California requesting the U.S. Department of Interior to waive the moratorium on taking sea otters under the Marine Mammal Protection Act. The first request was made in 1974, and in 1976 the state submitted a 274-page proposal that spelled out in great detail why it wanted to change otter management policies and what effect these changes would have on the animals.

In essence, the state document argues that California has enough otters in enough places already and that any more of the animals will be bad for shellfish populations and bad for sport and commercial shell fishermen. Therefore the California Fish and Game Department asked the feds to permit it to take experimental measures to "stabilize" the population and range of the otters. To do so they want to restrict the animals to a 230-mile section of coastline extending from Miramonte Point in San Mateo County to Avila in San Luis Obispo. This range is somewhat larger than that now occupied by the otters and, according to the calculations of state-employed biologists, should support a population of some 2,000 animals. Within this experimental area the otters would be as fully protected as they are now, but if they strayed to the south of Avila they would be removed by state agents and either transferred to the northern part of the range, sent to a scientific institution for research purposes or given to a zoo or oceanarium for pub-

lic display. While herding otters into their designated reservation, state biologists would conduct extensive field research on the animals to determine if such a management technique was in their best interest and those of shellfishermen, protectionists and state wildlife managers.

The Friends of the Sea Otter quickly made it clear that it did not find the proposal in its best interest. In a sharp rebuttal made public in January 1976, the FOSO criticized the science, logic and conclusions of the California State Fish and Game Department's otter management proposal. In essence, it said that the otter is a unique creature in very short supply and that anything that artificially restricted its range and numbers would be a mistake. While the Friends of the Sea Otter were all for more research, they suggested it could be carried on under the provisions of the Marine Mammal Act. They were opposed to waiving the moratorium on the taking of otters or to weakening federal restrictions on the state's management of them.

The California proposal to restrict the otter's range and protectionist objections have touched off a complicated dispute about the fate of the animals. At the heart of the matter is a fundamental difference of opinion about what an otter is. Because disputes of this nature are an important if often intentionally overlooked question in many wildlife management controversies, the otter question is worth examining. Any such examination must unfortunately begin with one of the more dismal branches of natural history—taxonomy.

Taxonomy is the science (and occasionally creative art) of classifying living things according to their physical likenesses and differences. In the large categories, separating family, genus, even species—say distinguishing between a cat and dog, a wolf and fox, a red fox and a gray fox—it is a rather simple exercise in cataloging and naming. However, when it comes to what employs most taxonomists, dividing species into subspecies, it is an arcane and often arbitrary business. The reason is that all members of one species are very similar—they can interbreed and they look and function very much alike. Their differences are minute—a group of individual animals living in one corner of the species range may vary somewhat in color and markings, size and physical structure from those in another area. As a rule, these differences are imperceptible to anyone but taxonomists, but they seize upon them and endlessly debate whether or not the variations are sufficient to entitle the group of animals to subspecies status.

For example, one taxonomist may present evidence supporting the thesis that in the San Joaquin Valley there is a kit fox which should be a subspecies (*Vulpes macrotis naucal*) because it varies sufficiently from the long-eared desert kit fox (*Vulpes macrotis macrotis*) found in southwestern California. Another taxonomist may disagree, and then the friends, associates and debtors of the two parties will have at it. Who wins, whether or not *Vulpes macrotis naucal* becomes generally recognized depends upon which "group has the most clout." Broadly, there are two kinds of taxonomists and two schools of taxonomical thought—the dividers and lumpers. Dividers are inclined to split species into smaller and more numerous subspecific groupings.

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while lumpers try to combine subspecies, thus doing away with some of them. If nothing else, this yin-yang situation tends to employ a fairly constant number of taxonomists.

All of which may sound—and is in fact—esoteric, but it has been of great importance within the wildlife conservation movement and is crucial to the present sea otter controversy. To appreciate this particular taxonomical squabble it is necessary to flash back briefly to 1911 when the few remaining sea otters were given protection under the international treaty. As noted, in the southern section of their range, two small populations (off British Columbia and Baja) shortly disappeared. The central California otters hung on precariously for a long time but have now revived considerably. In the north, always the heartland of the animal's range, things went differently and better for the otters. The state of Alaska now estimates it has 120,000 sea otters, a population approaching that which existed before the fur men made the scene.

Now back to taxonomy. Whether or not the southern group of sea otters should be designated as a subspecies has been debated for about 75 years. The most recent opinions do not settle the debate, only continue it. In 1973 after examining a lot of skulls and other otter remnants, A. I. Roest published a paper which said that the southern animals were not sufficiently different from the northern ones to justify being classified as a subspecies. All otters north and south, according to Roest, were the same and should be classified as *Enhydra lutris lutris*. In 1975, after reviewing Roest's work, J. Davis and W. Z. Lidicker allowed that their interpretation of their colleague's findings pointed to an opposite conclusion, namely that the differences were substantial, the southern otters should be recognized as a subspecies called *Enhydra lutris nereis*. Then, just last month Roest presented a paper to the American Society of Mammalogists (at the same meeting that elected Lidicker president), refuting the arguments of his challengers and re-emphasizing his opinion that "what is more important than the differences between Californian and Alaskan sea otters is the great similarity between them."

What are the practical consequences of these disputes? In its new proposal, the California Fish and Game Department says there is no big deal about restricting the range and numbers of the southern otters, because biologically they are not special, being just another member of the species of *Enhydra lutris* of which there are more than 120,000 individuals in Alaska and California. A sea otter is a sea otter, say California Fish and Game operators in effect. They are obviously strong supporters of the Roest conclusions. Predictably, Friends of the Sea Otter and other protectionists are allies of Davis and Lidicker, who think the Californian otters are a subspecies, therefore unique and therefore not to be tampered with in any way. In two recent documents the Friends of the Sea Otter have been strident about the speciality of the southern animals. The first was a memo to the U.S. Department of the Interior submitted in October 1975 by the Ventana, Calif. chapter of the Sierra Club—whose spokesperson, Betty Davis, is also spokesperson for the FOSO—asking that the otters be designated an endangered species, a status that would

give the animals even greater protection than they enjoy under existing state and federal laws. Secondly, in a rebuttal to the state proposal to limit the otters' range, the Friends of the Sea Otter raised strong taxonomical objections: "... the lumping of the two subspecies [northern and southern otters] or subpopulations, whatever one wants to consider them, only serves to confuse the reader."

Indisputably it is a confusing matter, but in fairness much of the confusion has nicely served the purposes of and has been encouraged by wildlife protectionist organizations such as Friends of the Sea Otter. Public appeals for votes, support and funds on behalf of hard-pressed animals are invariably made on the basis of saving this or that species. The appeals are usually very similar "If such and such a species is lost, it is lost forever. A species is irreplaceable. Once it is gone, the gene pool of the planet is forever diminished."

There are some substantive objections to this sort of argument. Extinction is a natural process, a necessary one in the planetary life-support system—as is individual death. What with all the other problems we contemporary living things have, we do not need brontosaurus lumbering about the countryside. Effectively, brontosaurus genetic material may be preserved in iguanas. Nevertheless there are many responsible arguments against maliciously or unnecessarily wasting such a marvelous creation as a species. However, the matter becomes more complicated when the question is a subspecies or a few individuals of one species living in a specific locality. And this is often what wildlife disputes are essentially about.

The Friends of the Sea Otter have created the public impression that they are fighting to save the sea otter. This is misleading, whether it is intentional or not. Taxonomists will presumably go on debating the subspecies question ad nauseam, but this should not alter the fact that sea otters as a species exist in large numbers in the northern Pacific, which is where the future of the creature obviously lies.

The resort-rich Monterey peninsula is central not only in terms of the otters' range but also to the otter controversy. The Friends of the Sea Otter was organized there by an affluent local resident, Margaret Owings, and a local physician and amateur photographer, James Mattison Jr., and many of its 4,300 members live in the vicinity. Additionally, California Fish and Game's main otter man, a biologist named Dan Miller, is based in Monterey. Among other things, Miller was the principal author of the department's new otter management proposals. For the past several months he has been traveling about California explaining and defending the plan. "I am surprised how much support we are getting," says Miller. "Largely it has been a matter of cutting through the emotionalism and giving the public the facts." The facts, according to Miller, might in part be summarized as follows.

Neither he nor his department is in any way an otter hater. He himself has spent hours watching and studying the animals, finds them interesting and charming and in general an adornment to the state's coastal waters. Everything should be done to keep a reasonable number of them happy and prosperous. However, for many reasons he feels the

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OTTER CONFUSION continued

otter range and numbers can be restricted without threatening this population. Because of the relatively large population in Alaska, the otter is by no stretch of the imagination an endangered species. In California the otter population is also healthy, as evidenced by the fact they have been steadily increasing in numbers. The density of otters in its usable range (about 12 animals per square mile) is about what it should be.

As to why this range should be restricted, Miller is emphatic and explicit. "There can be virtually no commercial and sport harvest of abalones, sea urchins, red and rock crabs, Pismo clams and possibly spiny lobsters where sea otters are regularly foraging."

In the same other proposal, which he largely wrote, Miller includes a socioeconomic appendix in which he attempts to estimate the damages caused by the animals. In his opinion, commercial abalone fishermen are losing \$3 million a year because of the depredations of otters. Also 116,000 recreational days a year (that Miller avows a value of \$10 each) have been eliminated because of the otter-caused decline in catchable shellfish. In sum, Miller contends otters are responsible for an annual \$7.2 million loss to sport and commercial fishery interests and that if the animals are not restricted they may cause damages amounting to \$21 million a year.

The calculations are largely speculative and in some cases the conclusions seem a bit topheavy for the supporting facts. For example, how recreational days are "lost" is something of a puzzler. Presumably, if a person cannot scoop up abalone in his free time he will do something else with it—go hang gliding, jogging or stalking wild asparagus—and if so there is no recreational loss, just a change in activities.

Nevertheless, in these matters Miller tends to become eloquent and emotional. "There are some very human values involved," he says. "Clamming, crabbing, going after abalone has been a kind of recreational way of life for a lot of people in the state. It is a good, inexpensive outdoor experience. Also, for some of the elderly, low-income families, it is economically important. There is no way they can afford to buy, say, abalone in a market or restaurant."

"The people who are most protection-

ist in regard to the otter generally are more affluent. They are emotionally attracted to the otters and are determined that their interests, in a sense their form of recreation, should take precedence over that of those who enjoy shellfishing. I certainly feel we should have a stable, viable otter population along the coast and people should be able to enjoy it, but it does not seem necessary or fair that the entire coast should be set aside for the otters and a few of their friends when this means precluding such a popular form of recreation as shellfishing."

One of the most persistent and effective spokesmen for the Friends of the Sea Otter has been Judson Vandevere, a former junior high school biology teacher who became interested in the animals while serving during school vacations as a temporary naturalist at the Point Lobos reserve. Now he is a researcher in residence at the Hopkins Marine Station in Pacific Grove. His continuing otter stud-

ies are in part financed by grants from the Friends of the Sea Otter and the Owings Foundation and by the Marine Mammal Commission, to which he is under contract. On both philosophical and practical grounds, Vandevere disagrees with Miller and the state Fish and Game Department on a number of points.

Predictably, Vandevere believes that the California animals should be regarded as a subspecies, a rare creature requiring full protection. He does not believe the California population is as secure as Miller does. Friends of the Sea Otter are doubtful about the accuracy of the state's population figures. They say that even if the census figures (reflecting animals actually counted) are accurate, the methods of attaining them have changed. It is not fair, therefore, to assume an increase in population when the higher figures may be merely a result of improved methods of counting. Furthermore, the state's official estimates (re-

flecting adjustments for variable conditions) show a steady upward trend in the same years that the actual aerial count maintained a relatively flat curve. The FOSO bases its assumption of a stable population on the relative consistency of these aerial counts.

Whatever the actual otter population, Vandevere is of the opinion that the southern otter is—or is potentially—threatened by poaching, small boat traffic, recreational and commercial development that threatens habitat, pesticides, heavy metals and other toxic pollutants being dumped into the waters.

Vandevere and his fellow sea otter enthusiasts believe the California population is still so small and in such a precarious situation as to be very vulnerable to man-made or natural disasters, say a massive oil spill, or even a long spell of bad weather. In this regard, protectionists claim that in 1971, as a result of a nuclear test, more than 1,000 otters, nearly

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as many as live off the California coast, were killed near Amchika Island in the Aleutians. This is cited as an example of what might happen in California.

In short, the protectionist position is that the sea otters are in such a delicate situation that it is unwise, at least for now, to meddle with them in any way. The California state proposal to restrict the animal's range is regarded as an example of unwise meddling. Protectionists oppose this plan and also oppose warning the moratorium on the taking of sea otters. The State Fish and Game Department, they insist, has plenty of leeway under the Marine Mammal Protection Act to carry out its proposed investigations. (Indeed, last month the department dropped its proposal to waive the moratorium on the taking of otters, conceding that its experimental proposals could be accomplished under the special permit process of the act.)

In a different line of argument, Vandevere and his associates suggest that shellfishing and otters are not so mutually exclusive as Miller claims. Vandevere says that both he himself and otters are still finding abalone and other shellfish in areas supposedly stripped by the animals. It is admitted the state shellfisheries are in bad shape but, say their protectors, the otters are only minimally responsible. Greedy and illegal fishing by humans are more important factors. Moreover, Vandevere points out that during the last quarter of a century the population of the state has almost doubled and that during the last decade there has been a 250% increase in sport diving, a 400% increase in recreational abalone hunting and comparable increases in the pressure exerted by humans on California clams and crabs.

Other supporters contend that rather than being a "destructive" member of the coastal community, the otter is constructive, with important ecological functions. It is, in fact, so the claim goes, a "keystone species." Especially in the great offshore kelp forest the otter is a principal predator and acts as a necessary check on browsing species, notably sea urchins, which if unmolested might monopolize the kelp beds, degrade them, make them less able to support diversified life forms.

In the voluminous protectionist literature and oratory there is a noticeable true believer theme, i.e., everything else

aside, otters should be protected and encouraged because they are good—gooder for example than abalones or abalone hunters. The *Otter Raft*, a feisty eighty-page publication of the Friends of the Sea Otter, which has on its advisory committee an impressive array of scientists, provides a number of examples illustrating this viewpoint. Along with a lot of cute otter illustrations, ads for otter books, posters and movies, fund raising appeals, digs at hostiles such as super-tankers, the "black tide of skin divers" and the Cal Fish and Game Department, the *Otter Raft* runs a lot of letters which are testimonials to the otter's goodness. A few examples.

• "As for the abalone fisherman I can only say: Abalone? Ah haloney."

Victoria T. Bloom—Metairie, La. (December 1974)

• "There obviously isn't enough abalone to feed the voracious appetites of both man and otters. Since the otter does not steal man's beef, I see no reason why man should steal the otter's food."

Patricia Broening—Morro Bay, Cal. (December 1975)

At the moment the great California sea otter controversy is in what might be called a state of administrative suspense. For nine months the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, acting more or less in the capacity of referee, has been mulling over the problems of whether the sea otter should be classified as an endangered species and of how much management authority the state should be given. The two are, of course, closely related.

On July 9, Fish and Wildlife Director Lynn Greenwalt received an official briefing from his staff, including biologists and lawyers, John Paradiso, a well-known and respected zoologist in the endangered species office, is one of those who has been reviewing the data and was among those present. "Our office recommended a 'threatened' status for the otter," he says.

A decision is not necessarily imminent. Associate Fish and Wildlife Director Keith Schreiner concedes that Paradiso's office "carries a lot of weight" but cautions that the decision could still go either way. To justify threatened or endangered status, "the biological data has got to be there," he says.

Trying to predict how federal agencies will act is about as risky as trying to

earn a living picking Truettel at Charles Town Racetrack. Whatever and whenever the final decision on the otter, it, like virtually all those involving wildlife, will ultimately be a political decision. Though in such controversies the contending parties invariably suggest that their proposals are based on hard scientific fact and objective analysis, the truth is that wildlife management policies, like other public policies, are largely determined by the self-interest of those involved. This is nicely illustrated by the sea otter. As is the case with many wild creatures and nearly all farrish ones, it is a dependent ward of man, its prosperity and even survival depending upon our pleasure and activities. In a long-range way we do not know what is best for the otter (or for any other species, including our own). However, in the short term there are many people who have strong opinions about what would be best for them so far as sea otters are concerned. Abalone fishermen for example are interested in having fewer sea otters. At the other extreme, the Friends of the Sea Otter are interested in having more animals, managing them so as to encourage their multiplication. To the extent it is responsive to both these self-interest groups, the California Fish and Game Department is interested in a compromise and suggests the best thing is to have more otters than shellfishermen want, but fewer than protectionists want. Having taken this position, the state wildlife agency now has an institutional stake in the matter and becomes another pressure group in relation to the federal apparatus. The feds in turn are sensitive to national opinion and additionally have their own institutional areas of self-interest.

How hard these parties come down on the intricate scales used in our system to balance opposing self-interests will determine what is done or not done to and for the sea otter. The decision-making process is no more scientific than that used to determine oil depletion allowances or farm support prices, but it is not necessarily wicked just because it is political. In fact, given our ignorance and passions, it is difficult to conceive of another system for making decisions about sea otters and other things that would not be at least as or more vulnerable to human error, distortion and manipulation.



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REMEMBRANCES

Sir:

In the article on Jack Lambert (A Living Legend Called Mean Smiles' Jack, July 12), Robert F. Jones mentions that Lambert made "a few small-college All-America teams."

During the time Lambert played at Kent State, I believe the university was in the Mid-American Conference, which is classed as major-college competition. It would seem, therefore, that Lambert's All-America mention would be major, rather than small.

STEPHEN C. MORTON
Bowling Green, Ohio

Sir:

While serving as an assistant to the sports information director at Kent State, I watched Jack Lambert labor in anonymity for three years. But Jack's contribution far surpassed sports. He and a handful of other Golden Flashes who also made it to the pros reunited a campus with its community. Following dark years of controversy, Jack Lambert made people forget about what happened at Kent State. He gave us something to cheer about.

MARK DE MARINO
Sarasota, Fla.

Sir:

There was an interesting old fellow whom Robert F. Jones neglected to mention.

It was the guy Jerry Kramer called "the strongest 240 pounds in football." He was the gentleman with the reputation as the meanest and toughest son of a gun on the field and the player selected as the best middle line-backer of the NFL's first 50 years. No one scoffed when he titled his autobiography *Mean on Sunday*. He also wrote the book on world championship rings.

It's only been four years since No. 66 was worn by Raymond Nitschke. How soon we forget.

MARK B. RAFFLES
Highland Park, Ill.

DANDY RANDY

Sir:

I must congratulate Ron Fimrite on his superb article concerning San Diego's Randy Jones (Uncommon Success for a Common Man, July 12). I was exceptionally pleased to see that Randy was depicted as a "common man," one not seeking fame and fortune but a man just making a living for himself and his family. Randy Jones has done much more than win ball games; he has given kids who haven't been blessed with overpowering strength a hope that they, too, can use skill and finesse to conquer power.

NEAL LUSCOMB
Lemon Grove, Calif.

Sir:

If Mike Schmidt would be embarrassed to go out to the mound and pitch with the kind of stuff Randy Jones uses, how must he and his fellow Phillies feel going up to the plate after being shut out by that kind of stuff twice?

DENNIS TRAUTVETER
Pittsburgh

Sir:

I sure hope Jones can win 30. In 1971 another threat to pull that nearly impossible trick was Vida Blue of the A's. Blue was 17-3 at the All-Star break but finished the season with a 24-8 record. Even if Jones should fail to win 30, he still tied a 63-year-old record by not giving up a base on balls in 68 innings.

JEFF TIGHE
Fond du Lac, Wis.

Sir:

The National League record for most victories at the All-Star break is 16 by Randy Jones this year. The major league record is 17-3 at the All-Star break in 1971. Yet Ron Fimrite said that Don Newcombe won 18 games before the 1956 All-Star Game.

Who is right?

JEFF FISHMAN
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

• SI goofed. Blame it on the two extraordinary seasons Newcombe had. In 1955 he was 14-1 at All-Star time and 18-1 by July 31, but he won only twice more that year to finish 20-5. In 1956 he was 10-5 at All-Star time, but won 17 of 19 decisions after that to finish 27-7.—ED.

BIRD WATCHING

Sir:

Mark (The Bird) Fidrych (Cuckoo Over a Rare Avis, July 12) is the best thing to come into baseball in years. How one person, in such a short time, could get a city and the entire baseball world wanting to see him perform is amazing. The Bird is flying high, and there's no telling how high he'll go before the end of the season.

DAVE MEHALAK
Bay City, Mich.

Sir:

Mark Fidrych states, "I don't want to get impressed with myself . . . if that happens. I want somebody to smack me." Then he goes out and selects the William Morris Agency to represent him in advertising and commercial matters.

Will it ever cease?

RON JACKSON
Franklin, Ohio

Sir:

I did not like Ron Fimrite's subtle put-down of Detroit Pitcher Mark Fidrych. In his article on Randy Jones, Mr. Fimrite says, "Unlike many of his contemporaries, who . . . perform interminable household chores on the mound . . . Jones does not shilly-shally between pitches." In case Mr. Fimrite doesn't know, the Bird is a very fast worker, and this "shilly-shallying" has earned Mark to a 10-2 record and the American League's lowest ERA after only two months as a starting pitcher.

REISS WHITE
Birmingham, Mich.

Sir:

A fluke he may be, but Fidrych has Tager fever running higher than it has at any time since October of 1968.

NANCY L. KUHARVICK
Muskegon, Mich.

Sir:

Fidrych brings to mind the Mad Hungarian, Al Hebrasky of the St. Louis Cardinals, who won the hearts of millions with his unique antics on the mound.

ROBERT GOLLONIK
Stevens Point, Wis.

Sir:

You disappointed me by putting Randy Jones on the cover and stacking Mark Fidrych on page 39. Fidrych should have gotten equal billing.

TOM DE MARTINE
Middletown, N.J.

COVERING WIMBLEDON

Sir:

In regard to Curry Kirkpatrick's article on Bjorn Borg's victory over Ilie Nastase at Wimbledon (*Great Heavenly Days*, July 12), I must take strong exception to the remark, "he didn't overwhelm the Rumanians with talent as much as expose his opponent's jangling nerves."

I saw that match, as I have seen Borg and Nastase play many times before. Borg was not unusually cool, nor was Nastase more jittery than usual; the plain fact is that Bjorn simply surprised everyone—Nastase included—with his superb grass-court play. To say that he revolutionized his game between the French Open and Wimbledon is not an understatement. Give credit where credit is due. Bjorn Borg is a great talent. If he maintains the level of play he achieved at Wimbledon, he could dominate the game for many years to come, which may well be the real message of Wimbledon 1976.

DEBORAH KELLEY
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

Your Wimbledon story was particularly enjoyable because it did not play up the ludicrous demand of the Women's Tennis Association for equal pay. The women's game is so weak that only two players are even worthy of mention. This demand is only one more ridiculous result of the Women's Liberation movement. The women do not deserve the pay they already receive.

HILTON OLIVER
Virginia Beach, Va.

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick's Wimbledon story was masterful, the kind that has established SI as the great sports magazine it is. But your marvelous picture of Bjorn Borg's moment of ecstasy should have been on the cover. Wimbledon is a special event, and Borg a special athlete.

JACK AXLES
Basalt, Colo.

NO POLITICS

Sir:

It's a shame that countries won't withdraw from wars because of their enemies' politics with the same regularity as they withdraw from international athletic events (SCORECARD, July 12).

Get the politics out of sports and let the athletes decide among themselves who is the fastest, strongest, etc. Olympic competitors should perform in neutral uniforms, and there should be no reference to the winners' nationalities on the presentation of medals. The opening and closing ceremonies would then be a display of world harmony.

THOMAS F. LESTER
Colonial Heights, Va.

HOOPLA

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed Douglas S. Looney's article on basketball hoops (VIEWPOINT, June 28). There isn't a basketball court in my neighborhood that is perfect. But who really wants the regulation 10-foot-high hoop—the little kids who just shoot for fun, or the adult basketball player?

DAVID ENIX
Toledo, Ohio

Sir:

As the wife of a 34-year-old basketball freak who has played every Sunday morning with "the guys" for the past five years, I congratulate Douglas S. Looney.

Mr. Looney's trials and tribulations putting up a basketball hoop because "this is the American thing to do" really hit home. It made me relive the two entire days my husband recently spent putting one up on the garage for our 6-year-old son. Even my husband, who didn't laugh at all during those two days, found Mr. Looney's article refreshing, true and hilarious.

LEIGH HARRIS
Buffalo
continued



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19TH HOLE (continued)

IN THE SPIRIT?

Sir,
Was it just a coincidence your issue of SL dated July 5 had 76 pages?

ERIK LUVIN
Cherry Hill, N.J.

• Yes —ED

CARPING PERHAPS

Sir

Your article on Mark Spitz LA Golden Fish Out of Water, July 5 confirmed my belief that the "golden fish" is nothing but a big zero. Here is a man whose main worry is the cost and color of a bulletproof wall in which to set his medals. And is the regular evening entertainment at the Spitzes really a TV performance of his races at Munich? Egotism is an understatement.

As an athletic myself and a person who has known and seen world-class athletes, I believe Mark Spitz is no more than an unfortunate child, and while he may have worked hard to become a physical wonder, he misses the mark as a total person.

GEORGE AVERBACH
San Francisco

Sir

Yes, Mark Spitz was a good swimmer, but millions of us will not forget his attitude when in Mexico City. Having just been defeated by Doug Russell in the 100-meter butterfly, he refused to take the traditional walk around the pool with Russell and the other swimmers.

Many who knew him said that was the true Mark Spitz. For centuries athletes have had to hold their heads high even in defeat, but Spitz just didn't measure up as the total athlete.

We are trying to forget and forgive, but exposed as we are to Spitz in SL, Spitz at pool-side, Spitz in commercials, etc., it is difficult. We will continue trying.

PEIT MOROS
Arlington, Texas

DER FUHRER (CONTINUED)

Sir

Thank you for the excellent article (Not Nearly as Sweet as He Looks, June 28) on fiery Frank Fuhrer, the Pittsburgh Triangles' imaginative and controversial owner. However, I was not surprised to read that Fuhrer has "reduced at least a handful of women players to tears." I can empathize with Evonne Goolagong, Peggy Michel and other female members of the Triangles, past and present. You see, Frank Fuhrer was my Little League manager.

JACK JONES
Williamstown, Mass.

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